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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 60. [Published Every Wednesday.] Week Ending December 25th, 1909. ONE PENNY.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

The Great Brain and Nerve Tonic and Restorative.

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PHOSPHORUS, properly administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Brain-Fag, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Neuralgia, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

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D. X. 42.

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STRENGTHENS THE NERVES

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The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature *demands*, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

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Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

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* Please cross out sizes not required.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 60. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 25TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY AND "THE MODERN MAN."

A LETTER FROM HIS SOLICITORS.

In connection with the article entitled "Another Oscar Wilde Case," which appeared in this paper two weeks ago, we have received the following letter from Messrs. Donisthorpe and Dickson, solicitors to the Marquis of Queensberry:

"Swan House,
"Gt. Swan Alley,
"Moorgate Street, E.C.
"8th December, 1909.

"Dear Sir,—Our Client the Marquis of Queensberry has drawn our attention to the paragraph appearing on the first page of your issue No. 58 with reference to the late Mr. Oscar Wilde. Our Client takes exception to the reference contained in your paper of the case of Wilde v. Queensberry. As you are probably aware, the Marquis of Queensberry referred to in this case was the father of our Client, and you should have referred to him as 'the late Marquis of Queensberry.' Our Client has no wish to have his name associated with that of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde, and we must ask you kindly to insert in your next issue a full explanation that the reference contained in your present issue only concerns the late Marquis. We must also ask you kindly to give this explanation the same prominence which you have given to the leading article in your present issue.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) "DONISTHORPE & DICKSON.
"The Editor, 'The Modern Man,'
"Westinghouse Building,
"Strand, W.C."

I think that the reproduction of the letter we have received from his Lordship's solicitors shows sufficiently that I do not in any way desire that there should be any confusion between the present Marquis and his father.

If the fact that my contributor referred to the late Marquis as "the Marquis" has given Lord Queensberry any pain, I can only say that I am extremely sorry, and also much disappointed to hear it. I cannot think, however, that any of my readers confused the identities of these two gentlemen.

In connection with this article I have already received many communications of a most remarkable character.

Letters have reached me, giving particulars of the most sensational kind, concerning men who are prominent in various spheres of public life. Various people have called upon me and have endeavoured to ascertain the identity of the person alluded to in the article. I have also received many telephone communications with the same purpose.

In a sense I am glad that the article has aroused so much comment, for in permitting it to be printed I did so with a purpose—I wanted to do what I could to stamp out this most abominable of all offences. But at the same time it is an unpleasant shock to me to learn that the cap appears to fit so many.

The article, although levelled against a class of libertines, was chiefly directed against one person. I have reason to believe that the matter has been brought to his notice, and in connection therewith I hope to be able to make an announcement of some interest next week. You will remember, perhaps, that we gave him two alternatives.

THE EDITOR.

CHEEK.

We see that the "Daily Mail" has taken to quoting poetry in its leading article of late. As Mr. Weller would put it, this is going "from bad to verse."

* * *

According to Mr. H. S. Schultees-Young, "Many a man has got to heaven because his wife has been a good cook." Now, *we* should have thought he would have made for heaven after a spell of bad cooking.

* * *

The "Evening News" advertising its advertisement columns, says that "one of the most valuable assets a business man could have is the possession of a spell-correctly shorthand typist." Well, if we caught one of our typists using a double-barrelled adverb like that there would be trouble.

* * *

Mr. Plowden says: "There is nothing in the world like mongrel dogs; they are the salt of the earth." This being so, they should be in great demand during the winter as snow-melters.

* * *

Mr. Justice Bigham is inclined to think that the man is best defended who is not defended at all. Oh, law!

* * *

This reminds us that the founders of the now defunct Law Guarantee Society ought to have had more sense than to give it a name like that.

* * *

"Much internal unrest" is one of the prophecies for 1910. This looks rather bad for the dear, dauntless Suffragettes.

* * *

We really cannot resist quoting a peculiarity of the villain in Baroness Orczy's latest novel. "He stood, facing Lamber with arms folded across his chest, whilst a sffiile of insulting irony curled his thin lips." If the story is staged we hope an actor will be found to reproduce the sffiile successfully.

* * *

It is rumoured that in the event of the Unionists being returned to power the new Budget will contain a clause for the taxation of Stead's spirits.

E. MILLAR.

THE HORSE BREAKER.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

"That's a chap with a past."

I turned round as the words reached my ears, and glanced at the figure in front of me.

A cavalry man by his walk, but judging from his appearance that was a long time ago.

"What does he do for a living?" I asked.

"Oh! does a little horse-breaking, when he can get it, and jolly glad of a sovereign—loafs for the rest."

Chance some time later enabled me to come into personal contact with him.

He was a character—taciturn to a degree, and seldom thawing into speech.

He had the right sort of hands, too, for dealing with all manner of cattle, and he could handle the ribbons in fine style, and no mistake.

I complimented him.

He gave a sort of sad smile.

"Drove my own coach once on a time," he said, and was silent—tooling a spanking team over again in imagination, I reckon. My words had conjured up bitter-sweet memories.

He had got a great scar on his face. At first I thought it was a sabre-cut—a relic of frontier skirmishes, or perhaps a trophy of the Mutiny—but later on he told me, in one of his rare fits of reminiscence.

He was riding one of the most vicious brutes it had ever been his lot to handle. The animal had never been broken properly, and he threw him. He lashed out at him as he lay, and caught him on the cheek. And he added, "I shall bear the mark of his hoof for the rest of my sojourn here."

It was in my power to give him a treat. He had schooled several young horses for me, and he was the best breaker-in that it has ever been my lot to meet—patient, enduring, and with complete command over his own temper.

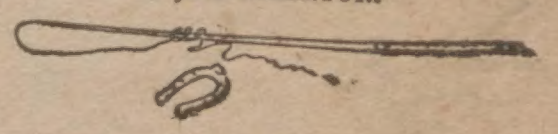
I offered him a mount such as he had once been accustomed to. He seemed like another man, as he sat in his saddle, and my chestnut mare seemed to think she had at last a master worthy of her.

After the ride he thanked me, and there was a moisture in the poor old chap's eyes, which he fondly fancied had escaped my notice. I let him have the mare often after that, whenever I could induce him to come down to my place. But he still retained a certain amount of pride, and imagined that he was imposing on my hospitality.

That was some time ago. His riding days now are practically over, but he still can tool a team along in splendid style.

The last time I saw him he was beginning to show signs of age. I am afraid it won't be long before he has to give up the ribbons and lay down the whip. But a few benevolent souls will see that he spends his last days in some sort of comfort—somewhere where the sight of a good horse can please him up to the last.

C. J. HAMERTON.



YARNS ROUND THE YULE LOG

THE TALES OF AN EVENING.

It was Tom Parson's place, down in the Midlands. He had made his pile out in Australia and had come home to spend it. Prosperity had not spoilt Tom, and he remembered all his old pals.

So there we were for Christmas.

There were four of us, each full of life and spirits.

On Christmas Eve we were seated in the great entrance hall of Tom's fine old country house, round the huge fire, on which had just been deposited with much ceremony the yule log. The flames flickered on the oak-panelled walls, where the holly wreaths hung, the glossy green leaves and scarlet berries showing up bravely, and in the centre of the oaken rafters a regular bush of mistletoe was suspended, "for use later on," our host said with a laugh.

We were all puffing away in cosy comfort when Tom suggested that we should each spin a yarn, as that was the proper way to spend Christmas Eve.

We had partaken of a tremendous dinner. Tom had promised us a regular old-fashioned one. He had, after the custom of his forebears, broached a cask of new ale and cut a green cheese, and we had all eaten a mince pie. Now we had a mug of hot spiced ale apiece, on which the toast bobbed merrily.

"We'll draw lots to see who shall begin," said Tom, and it fell to Bill Sawyer.

Bill had seen some, and he can tell a good tale when he likes. So we took a pull at our mugs and gave him our ears.

"Now, as you fellows know," he began, "I've knocked about a good bit, but I think the queerest time I ever spent was when I ate my Christmas fare in a balloon.

"It was not intentional on my part, I can tell you, for I was booked for a far more terrestrial affair altogether—a Christmas party where my best girl promised to give me as many kisses as I could steal under the mistletoe, where several other engaged couples would be waiting for the same chance.

"But the day before Christmas Eve a friend of mine, a young engineer and inventor, asked me down to his place to see his latest invention, a kind of improved balloon, something on the line of the modern aeroplane.

"I agreed, and the next morning he suggested that we should make a trial trip, promising to come down to earth in time for me to catch a train North.

"Unknown to me, the machine was provisioned in case of emergencies, for its inventor was not so confident at heart as he was in speech.

"We set off in fine style and high spirits, and the sensation was O.K.—at first. But as we rose higher it got a bit too nippy for pleasure, and I counselled return.

"Then the blamed thing went wrong, and we drifted. The wind caught us and carried us along at a grand rate—only seawards!

"My friend assured me there was no danger; the only thing that was likely to happen was that we might land in another country when we did land.

"I was savage, swore he had played me a low down trick to separate me from Belle (I happened to know he had been sweet on her once), and was pretty near coming to blows over it high up in the clouds.

"However, the knowledge of our common misfortune calmed me down after a little, and we attacked the provisions. Cold plum-pudding and turkey and beef sandwiches and a nip of cognac put fresh heart into us, and we landed on French soil just as the church bells were ringing for Mass on Christmas morning."

Dick Morris's turn came next.

"My reminiscences are of the time when I was one of the De Profundis Brigade," he said.

"I had touched the bedrock bottom of things, you bet. My private address was a certain common lodging-house in a most unsavoury quarter, and my public resting-place was in the vicinity of Cleopatra's Needle.

"The chap who was nearest to me was a still more sorry object as regarded clothing. He was as much made-up as a fashionable beauty, but differently; string, brown paper, and the cast-offs of a scarecrow comprised his garments, and they remained on his person more by luck than any other inducement. He had once been a popular singer, and this was the closing scene of his career.

"That Christmas Eve the policeman who periodically scans the forms of 'the unfortunate roosters'—as a well-known comedian once styled those who sleep under the stars by the river—in the light of his bull's-eye found one beggar sleeping like a king with the majesty of death upon his face, and the same air of eternity about him as rests round the Eastern obelisk that looked down on the Western clay.

"My luck turned after this, but the memory of the Christmas Eve I spent on the Embankment is one which will never leave me."

"The most exciting Christmas Eve I remember," said Tom, "was when I was lost in a London fog and got into a swell entertainment by mistake.

"The fog, however, did the introduction. I was relieved of my coat and hat, and ushered with much pomp into a magnificent ball-room.

"I heard a name thundered out which was not mine, and supposed it referred to some other guest. A lady, radiant with jewels, greeted me warmly, introduced me to a remarkably handsome girl, and left me to make myself agreeable, which you may bet I did.

"Of course, by this time I realised that it was all a huge mistake; but, as it was the fog's fault and not mine, I determined to profit by it. So I enjoyed myself to the full, danced with some of the beauties whose portraits I had seen in the fashionable papers, and then, like a male Cinderella, when the clock struck midnight I stole back again into the fog."

It was really my turn to yarn, but Tom and the others were good enough to excuse me, and Tom gave us a word-picture of a Christmas under a midsummer sun instead.

Then we went to the door to hear the waits.

"No sign of a thaw," said Tom, with a sigh for hunting prospects; "but you fellows can look out for some skating."

GILBERT MORROW.

BRASS-RUBBING.

A HOBBY FOR THE CYCLIST AND WALKER.

The study of monumental brasses is a hobby that is usually left to the antiquary and the scholar, but there is no reason why this should be so.

Brass-rubbing is a pastime which combines exercise, interest and education in a way that no other hobby can, and one does not need to know anything about brasses before you start rubbing them.

A monumental brass, as everyone knows, is a plate of metal placed in a church to commemorate some dead individual, or occasionally a whole family. It is let into the floor, or occasionally the wall, and usually bears a representation of the deceased in the apparel of his profession and his age.

For the last reason alone brasses are both interesting and valuable, for as most of them have a dated inscription they provide the only dated pictures of mediæval costumes.

There is no better hobby for the man who does not devote all his leisure time to sport, since it has the advantage that he must go to the brass, and the brass won't come to him. It gives an object for a cycle ride or a cross-country walk, and introduces you to little villages and out-of-the-way churches that you might otherwise never find. It is not only the big churches that contain fine brasses; in fact, in most cases they were robbed of them when Cromwell wanted metal to increase his armoury.

The paraphernalia required to get a "rubbing" of a brass is very simple and very cheap. A roll of "lining paper," twelve yards long, can be obtained either from a builder and decorator, or from a stationer, for sixpence or less.

Any paper will do, provided that it is strong enough not to tear, and not too thick to sink into the lines of the brass. I have an excellent rubbing which was taken after a picnic on the paper that the bacon had been wrapped in, for want of anything better.

The rubbing is done with black heelball, which can be obtained in halfpenny cakes from any leather seller or shoemaker, and consists mainly of lampblack and cobbler's wax. Its primary use is to blacken the sides of the welts of boots.

This should be carried to the scene of action in a pocket close to your body, so that it may be slightly softened by the warmth and give a blacker impression.

Besides these it is advisable to take a brush—an old nailbrush does excellently—and a duster, with which to clean the grit off the brass before you start work.

Having reached your destination and cleared the brass for action, spread the paper over it and press it well into the lines with your hand.

Then take the heelball and rub over the paper, working as much as possible in the same direction as the principal lines of the brass. In this way you will get a reproduction of the figure in black with the outlines showing white.

The blackness of the rubbing will depend mainly on the amount of elbow-grease employed. You can get anything from a light grey to a rich glossy black, according to the pressure you use.

Needless to say, the latter gives much the best effect, and the achieving of it will provide you with some fine physical exercise.

Having completed your rubbing and touched up the details with a soft lead pencil, you will roll it up and make tracks for home. But if you want to use the rubbing for decorative purposes—there is no better ornament for the walls of a man's den than a fine big brass-rubbing that he has made himself—your work is not yet finished.

Unless the edges of the rubbing are very clean it will be best to cut it out and mount it either on canvas or on stout paper. Wooden map-rollers may be added at top and bottom to keep it flat on the wall, and the edges bound with coloured tape, and the result is a fine large wall-decoration, which is not likely to be duplicated in many of your chums' rooms.

Any public library will supply you with a book in which all the known brasses of England are catalogued.

A. H. MAUDE.

THE TIDE.

A DRAMAT'C SHORT STORY.

By H. MANSON.

Do you know that the world is very fond of old stories? It only stipulates that they shall be told with variations, because the world, you see, is an old story itself, repeating itself, as the æons roll on, in different settings. That is all.

This is merely an Old Story, with a variation.

There was once an excellent and estimable gentleman, known to the world as William Shakespeare, and he wrote so many clever things that some of our biggest and most astute manufacturers use some of them to puff the sale of their burgundies, their soaps, their breakfast foods, their meat extracts, and so on.

One oft-quoted example of this genius refers to that "tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The trouble is that we rarely know precisely when that tide in our affairs has risen to that flood which "leads on to fortune." We mistake it for a sudden inundation and call it a "bit o' luck."

It happened that what men call a "bit o' luck" came to a very ordinary mortal whose name was simply William Brent.

But for the purposes of this Old Story, I must tell you of William Brent, not as he is, but as he was before the "bit o' luck" came his way.

And it is a different William Brent to the placid William Brent that the big City Corporation dinners know to-day — the man who tips the German waiters lavishly, and hates doing it really.

They called him "Bill" in those days—nor did he object to it. You see he was an engineer, working in a big ship-yard at eightpence an hour, with extra for overtime. But the gods had blessed him with a brain, and the foreman termed his theories merely "fandangled notions." (You must remember that this was in the dark ages before machines to do the work of ten men were invented, and bar-iron at that time was not a substance that could be cut through like a pound of butter.)

William Brent's usual costume consisted of a Dungaree suit (very dirty after Mondays), thick hobnailed boots, and a greasy cap.

For the rest, it needed very hot water to get the black grease and brown oil from the face and hands of William Brent when he returned at night to his back-street lodgings, where his board, a truckle bedstead, fire, house-room, and attendance cost him thirteen shillings per week, inclusive.

William, after his nightly big "sluice" and bigger tea, had something most important to think about—something that the foreman called "a fandangled notion." William, however, allowed himself to dream of it as a "great invention." He worked hard at his dream, and reduced it in time to the tangible form of plans drawn by an untutored but deft hand largely guided by mother-wit.

After that he dreamed of a working model whereby he might see if all worked out just as nicely as it did on paper. Perfect working models, however, cost an alarming amount of money to fit up. Besides, landladies, even of the type that presided over William's domicile, require much bribery before they realise that the erection of an oil-fed miniature plant does not necessarily mean the bringing down of the whole dingy house.

So William said no more of the great invention to his mates, and the foreman was led to believe that he was really settling down again to the proper level of a good workman, who is content to work with the hands, and but little of the head, with which God has provided him.

But, in point of fact, William was merely engaged in saving as much money as possible week by week, until that time came when he should be in a financial position to set up the miniature plant in the heart of an unappreciative household.

Beer, of course, would have to be supplied to drown fellow-lodgers' objections, and Mrs. Jones's temper never succumbed to anything less than a bottle of unsweetened "white satin."

Now, William had hardly launched forth upon the painful period between the plan stage and the working model before he realised that life promised to be blank in the meantime.

His fellow-lodgers, greasy men who played a bastard form of poker with greasier cards, accused him of "mooning abaht the 'ouse." It was the first time they had deigned to notice the morose young man who was too much of an (adjective) young prig to "take a 'and with gentlemen."

Thus the inevitable happened. She was only a pink-and-white sort of girl, who caught William's eyes as he "mooned" along the streets. He looked back . . . faltered . . . raised his cap. The thing was done!

She asked of his existence and the mode thereof. He (rash man) was drawn into the confession that there were holes in his thick socks. Of *course*, she mended them. Of *course*, she did the job neatly and well. Domesticity is the strongest weapon that woman wields against the bachelor state of man.

Thus, while there was his working by day and his scraping and saving week by week, William spent his evenings in the company of the very ordinary pink-and-white girl.

Perhaps he didn't notice that the poor little hat was neatly retrimmed, that the blue serge skirt was turned and scrubbed with cold tea to take out the shine of the threadbare cloth. Nor, probably, did it occur to him that the white straw hat worn on fine evenings had been subjected to the cleansing rigour of salts of lemon.

As they were done solely for his benefit, it was hardly to be expected he should have the slightest cognisance of these things.

There were walks by the canal side—when a solemn and serious William said nothing whatever, and a happy Trix Addy was content to listen to him.

One evening—somehow the warm wind, the soft call of the night birds, and the mellow effulgence of the waning moon, lent themselves so utterly to the happening—William found that the pink-and-white girl was really a woman . . . also that her smile spelt happiness, and her eyes reflected Home—a home of his very own.

That night it needed all his determination and common-sense to prevent him from blurting out, joyously, the great secret. You see, when a man is sure of a sincerely sympathetic hearing, he likes to tell of his ambitions and thus raise the most glorious castle in Spain that ever was built in the cells of a creative brain.

In point of fact, he is showing these things clearly to himself the whole time. It needs a sympathetic listener to enable him to sketch it out plainly.

Wherefore, he kept it all back that night and the next—although the appliances, cylinders, and little brass fittings were even then purchased, and the preliminary work attendant on the perfection of the working model of the "great invention" almost done.

A few nights passed, and there came the evening when William, very reluctantly, and, for his invention's sake, apologetically, excused himself from the company of the pink-and-white girl on the score of a pressing engagement.

This was the night when beer in generous pints was the portion of the fellow-lodgers, and Mrs. Binks lacked not her bottle of "white satin"—the occasion, in fact, of the setting up the "plant" upon the big deal table in the common-room.

William's washstand, you will observe, was inadequate for the purpose.

The lodgers thought it a game. Mrs. Jones confessed it was "very pretty to watch," and later, under the influence of half a bottle of "white satin," challenged the company generally, and in hostile tones, to deny that Mr. Will'um Brent was indeed a "H-Edison." No one denied it. They were too busy with the gallons of "four 'arf." One gentleman, in fact, made himself gloriously ill over it.

William, however, was not perturbed. He merely knew that the little engines were sizzling joyously, that the little cog-wheels were acting as they should . . . that the thing was practicable! It was a great invention, indeed, and he was a made man.

Even the lodgers—or those who were not too far gone in four 'arf—became mildly interested.

They were disappointed when William turned off the tiny taps, and addressing the audience, with a strange, contemptuous note in his voice, said:

"Yes; it is as I thought. That'll do. By George, that'll do!"

The very next morning, it was an entirely new and nose-lifted William (remember that the man was but human, although an Inventor), who boldly passed the timekeeper, without registering his time, and, carrying a very heavy box with brass handle all correct, passed on, even to the manager in the office, and requested an immediate audience of the "Governor" himself, otherwise known as "Conyngham-Sterringforth" (officially) and "The Old Man" (unofficially).

He emerged from that two-hour interview a vastly important man and illimitable miles above all who addressed him as "Bill"—with affectionate inquiries as to whether he had been favoured with "the sack."

Even then, the major details concerning the floating of the Sterringforth-Brent patent had been settled.

That evening William Brent imparted the news to the pink-and-white girl. He would be taken into the partnership. It was included in the terms of the agreement. Was he ashamed of her now? By Heaven, no! She would make a most satisfactory Mrs. William Brent—he did not put it quite like this, but the way he said it is plain to all men who have loved—and revered matron of an honoured Brent family to be.

Conyngham-Sterringforth heard of this thing, The pink-and-white girl talked of it in her pride. It drifted beyond the works, down through the foundry and the fitting-shop into the yard itself; thence, by way of the secretary, to the firm—to the Old Man, himself.

"My *dear* boy," said the head of the firm to William Brent, "then was then; now is now!"

(Truly a logical remark.)

William, looking spruce in a business-like blue suit, agreed with the remark.

"I should suggest, my dear Brent," the Old Man began. He went on suggesting for the best part of an hour. *Mister* William Brent thanked him.

Poor girl! But, of course, she was really only a low class, rather common little thing after all! He comforted himself with the thought that some men in his position might have said no word—just dropped her like a little piece of objectionable material. He thanked God he was a gentleman! He could *pay* her and thus put matters right. Of course he could.

(The fact that the Head of the Firm had half

indicated the photograph of his rather plain daughter on the mantel meant much to Mr. William Brent.)

"You have taken the tide which leads on to fortune, my boy!" the Old Man had said. It also led on to Vera Conyngham-Sterringforth—when contact with "decent people" had chipped the rough edges off Mr. William Brent. He knew this well enough.

So Mr. William Brent, his conscience quietened by the bank-notes in his pocket, sallied forth to break the news to Trix.

He was almost happy about it.

It seemed almost what she ought to expect, for now he was a moderately important man, and might pick and choose.

The girl loved him, he knew—too well for her own happiness — and he felt that she might reasonably be expected to triumph with him in this his latest success, even though that very success meant the downfall of all her hopes and the realisation of her worst fears.

That he would be inflicting a blow upon her was a thing which he did not for a solitary moment realise, for he was far from being a sensitive man.

This, you will observe, is where William Brent supplied the variation to the Old Story. For the Old Story, which is the happiest story after all, would have seen that, in spite of all, the pink-and-white girl was finally united to Mr. William Brent, and lived happily ever after.

Instead, there was a walk by the canal side, the judicious and highly diplomatic breaking of the "news" and Mr. William Brent's lordly intentions for his "future."

Strangely—from Mr. Brent's view-point—the girl seemed to lack interest in the great things he was going to do.

Finally, when the tears began to flow, bank notes crinkled in front of the eyes of the girl. She—frail creature—seemed to attach an absurd importance to just the "name and the lines to show . . . and not to be a ———." William stopped her from calling herself the worst name that can be applied to her sex, and told her to cheer up, and face what was really a very simple matter when one has money.

They were crossing a little stone bridge, high over the swiftly running black waters, at the time. There was no moon. William heard a "plop" and a spray-flinging splash.

He peered over, but could see nothing. Only the gurgle of the waters sounded in his ears. . . .

He lit a cigarette and walked, a little sad and a little afraid, perhaps, to his newly-acquired rooms in the most exclusive part of the town.

Thus the Tide led also on to—well, goodness knows where—for the once beloved of William Brent.

ATHLETIC DISAPPOINTMENTS

WHAT EVERY SPORTSMAN HAS TO SUFFER.

It is a platitude to observe that the world would be a very dull place if we all got exactly what we wanted, but the remark is as true as it is trite.

Most men have suffered disappointments, and if they are young men, those that are most vividly impressed upon them are probably those of their athletic career.

It is a curious fact, but it seems that the average man does not expect so much of himself where his work and everyday life are concerned, but when it comes to sport or athletics he is always hopeful of attaining distinction.

Here, too, are often introduced petty jealousies and rivalries that are not so prominent in the larger affairs of life, and that add to the triumph of success and the disappointment of failure.

There are few sportsmen who have not tried with all their might to get into some team or other, or to win some coveted prize or distinction, and failed for the time at least.

A SPOILT RIDE.

Most annoying of all is it when the disappointment is not merely due to your own lack of prowess, though that is galling enough. You may have been looking forward for some time to a ride, and when at last you are across your horse's back, he misbehaves himself to such an extent as to spoil all the pleasure of your ride, though he may not seriously trouble you.

Or an older member of a team may at the last minute unexpectedly be able to take part in a contest, and take your place.

I well remember a disappointment of this sort when I was a member of a large country harrier club, and had been chosen to run in a "relay race" at a large athletic meeting.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

For weeks before the event I had trained carefully, for I was determined that the club should not lose through me.

At last on the day of the great event, when my nervousness had become almost unbearable, the captain came up to me and asked if I would mind standing down, as I was fourth man, and an old member of the club had just turned up, and he was such a fine runner that the chance of getting his services was not to be missed. He was not in training, but was always in fine condition.

Of course I agreed, for I genuinely wanted the club to win that race, and if they had a better man than myself, I did not grudge him my place.

But it was a bitter disappointment, and it was not lessened when my successor lost our team the race. The first three had amassed a fine lead, but when the flag was handed over to him he was so "done" at the end of a hundred yards that the last man of the other team easily overhauled and passed him.

At another time I was struggling hard to win the last place in an eight which was to represent a certain rowing club, and to get into that eight had been the summit of my athletic ambition for two years or more.

CUT OUT.

Every place in the boat was allotted except that of bow, and I and another fellow used to row alternate journeys for a fortnight or so while the coaches made up their minds.

The man who was not rowing used to run along the bank, so as to keep in training, and how we used to watch each other's style and mark down each little fault!

The other man got the place, and I was appointed spare man. It was a distinction of a sort, no doubt, but it seemed to me to be adding insult to injury. I wanted to become an eight's man, to attain a glory that should never leave me—for it was a well-known club of which I was a member—and the disappointment was intense.

Not only did I miss the glory of getting my colours, but I had to go into training, like the members of the crew, for six long weeks, and I spent my afternoons running along the towpath or sculling alone, instead of rowing with the swing and dash of an eight on sliders.

But the other man was a better oar than I was, and I got in next year, so why should I grumble?

Disappointments of this sort are bound to come to every athlete, but if he has sufficient grit they do not count for much.

The man who gives up after his first disappointment is no sportsman, and will never make an athlete.

JOHN GERVAISE.

HORSE COVERS.

Even if a horse has never been clipped, it is necessary to have a cover on him during the cold weather, but care should be taken to select a cover of the right sort. It is to be regretted that many covers are now sold without having a breast strap attached.

Their makers maintain that the surcingle is sufficient to keep the cover in place, and so it is until the horse begins to digest his evening meal and consequently becomes less in girth. Then the surcingle gets loose, and gradually works forward, the girthing place back over the horse's belly until it catches him round the flanks, and sends him wild.

Where a cover has not been fitted with a proper breast strap, it is a simple matter to have one put on. All that is needed is a buckle and a strap about six inches long. This will effectually prevent the cover from sliding back.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Several readers have asked us whether it is permissible for them to wear a second badge. Certainly it is. A man may elect to have a cheap badge to go on with, and may decide to go in for a more expensive one later. All we ask is that he does not allow the badge he discards to fall into the hands of anyone who is unworthy to wear it.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

The League Badge (Actual size).

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

HINTS ON FORWARD PLAY

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE ATTACK.

The effective front line is the chief asset of a club. If they can combine for attack, then the defence has an easy time, and after all the best defence is in the attack.

The first idea of a forward should be to get goals, whether he scores himself or leaves a companion to have a shot with the ball at the finish.

A great many of our younger players might with advantage cultivate the art of goal-kicking. Every movement in the front line should have as its objective the best way of getting to the goal and the best method of eluding the custodian by placing the ball out of his reach.

John Goodall, now of Watford and formerly of Derby County, in practice used to put a tall hat on top of the bar and try to knock it off. It was in this way that he gained his wonderful power of placing the "leather" just where he liked, and this was how he became a great and certain goal-scorer.

A few years ago the characteristic feature of the front line was its individual character. "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost" seemed to be the motto.

COMBINATION v. INDIVIDUALITY.

Combination, as we know it to-day, was unknown, and every front rank man was quite "on his own." Now the front line is a combined one, and this is the secret of the effectiveness of many clubs to-day.

Many are the diatribes uttered against individual play, and yet the most powerful organisations have had outstanding men in their ranks.

The centre-forward, to my mind, is the pivot of the side. He should be tall, dribble well, and have a large share of initiative; he must be able to keep his wings well supplied, and share out the passes to the best advantage, and be a fine shot.

The donkey work is done by the inside forwards, and it is their privilege to fetch and carry and help the half-backs when they are in a fix.

You may frequently notice at matches that the pivot is cheered for a goal and the man who led up to it by painstaking play is quite overlooked by the spectator. With the ideal forward line each one tries to help the side and scoring is a mere item of the play.

CROSS-PASSING.

I have been struck with the fact that many appear to consider it the duty of the inside-right to pass the ball to his outside man or to the pivot. This is not at all the best thing to do on all occasions, and one pass that is very useful is from the inside-right to the outside-left, or the other way about.

Mr. John Cameron in his book on the game gives the reason for this, and adds, "In the first place all the play is concentrated on the right wing, and the outside-left, being speedy, passes it with a long swing to him, and that always means danger to the opposition. Another reason is that he retrieves the play to a certain extent by carrying the play right up the field, and so gives the defence an opportunity to reveal themselves. An inside-forward must also come back for the throw-in, when the ball goes out of touch."

The outside man ought to be able from any angle to shoot accurately. It looks a very easy thing to centre the ball, and the best position from which to do so is about thirty yards out.

If the ball is placed further than that, a smart goalkeeper will be able to catch it, and so avert danger.

An outside-right should practise taking corner-kicking with his left foot, the outside-left should kick with his right foot.

The most difficult position in the forward line to fill is that of outside-right. Very few have achieved any great success in this position. In this position a man must be able to kick with both feet.

Archie Hunter, of Aston Villa, was the greatest centre-forward of his day. He was succeeded by G. O. Smith, now a schoolmaster in the North of London.

William Bassett, of West Bromwich Albion, was a great outside-right, and he and John Goodall made a great wing. Bloomer stood almost alone, and now Hilsdon, of Chelsea, and Freeman, of Everton, shine greatly, while Newcastle have a great line in Duncan, Stewart, Shepherd, Wilson, and Anderson—perhaps the best combination of the season.

WALTER BULL
(*Of Tottenham Hotspur*).

HOW TO MAKE PHYSICAL CULTURE PAY.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

It may be of interest to readers of Mr. Mitchell's page to learn how I earn pocket-money.

About three years ago I took up physical culture, and, finding benefit from the numerous exercises I did, I became a pupil of a well-known instructor.

Then, when I had attained the development he guaranteed, I got together some local sportsmen (including a "J.P."), so that there should be no doubt as to the genuineness of the display I proposed to give.

I then gave a weight-lifting exhibition. Imagine the surprise of my friends when I lifted 130lbs. single hand, then a bar-bell of 140lbs., bent press (à la Saxon), then, last but not least, a bar-bell weighing 170lbs., jerked double-handed.

It was worth all the monotonous hours I had spent in training for that exhibition.

I tore a pack of cards in two, and pressed a man from shoulder (commonly called the human kettle-weight).

Then came a turn of pressing weights whilst lying on the back, followed by bridging and allowing three gentlemen to stand on my body.

At the close of the show the weights were tested and found to be correct.

A full account appeared in both local papers, with the result that the man in the street dubbed me "Samson."

Then I opened a school privately to train the local athletes.

Presently I got an offer from the Church Lads' Brigade, and I now teach their members.

Now I am asked by the Education Committee to teach physical culture in the schools, so at last my ambition is realised—I am practically the local expert, and it gives me much pleasure to teach anyone how to keep their body healthy and strong.

I hope no one will think me to be bragging, because nothing is further from my thoughts, but I should like to see more instructors than there are at present.

The Education Committees are now beginning to recognise the value of physical culture, and soon I hope it will be a national thing.

JACK THURLBY.

MEEKS' IDEAS OF CHRISTMAS.

A SEASONABLE RECOLLECTION.

It may as well be stated at once that Meeks is not a generous man, and that his ideas of Christmas are not on a Charles Dickens scale.

Meeks says he believes in everybody having a good time at this particular season—at their own expense, not at his.

Meeks dropped a halfpenny the other day at a crossing. He went home and said he'd given it to the crossing-sweeper, and thinks heaven will credit him for a ha'porth of charity—that's Meeks.

Meeks tells his wife that she needn't bother about making plum-puddings or mince-pies; you can always get as much as you want and more than's good for you by paying calls on folks with old-fashioned ideas.

Mrs. Meeks likes to decorate the house for Christmas; he says it is a sheer waste of money to buy holly and mistletoe every year, so he takes it down each year, dusts it carefully, and stores it away for next. He professes to look upon this custom as a lucky one; wonderful how even superstition can be made into an excuse for meanness!

Meeks did once give a party, and the occasion deserves mention—though not honourable—as it was circumstances that forced Meeks into giving that Christmas party, and, circumstances being stronger than Meeks's parsimony, the party duly took place.

Where Meeks got that turkey from history says not.

It was one of the toughest, most flavourless turkeys that ever figured on a festive board.

It would have turned Thanksgiving Day into a Jewish Lamentation!

As for the goose, he'd evidently diligently hunted over Leadenhall Market before he discovered it. When cooked it was the ghost of a goose.

The sauces would have made G. A. Sala shiver in the flesh, and ought to have raised his dust.

The plum-pudding was what used to be called a "laid one," and Meeks's guests needed the digestions of ostriches to avoid being laid out by it.

Meeks's claret whitened their complexions visibly on account of its acidity, and his port was so sweet that a good deal was left in the glasses for Meeks's future consumption in private.

Meeks is perfectly safe when he says "no heel-taps." I never knew anyone do more than just sip Meeks's wines.

The dessert suggested that Meeks had been spending some time in the autumn collecting for it. Wind-scattered apples and pears and nuts filched from the dormice and squirrels comprised it.

After the meal Meeks said we could either play cards or sing glees, or he'd read to us!

Of course we voted for the cards.

Meeks did not intend this, however. After pretending to look for them, he informed us that the cards were mislaid. So we started to sing glees.

Nobody had much of a voice from a musical point of view, and everyone was deficient in ear. We made a noise, however, which strangers passing the house may have mistaken for Christmas cheer.

In point of fact, a neighbour did so mistake it. He happened to be Meeks's landlord as well; and he knocked, and when Meeks opened the door he said that he was sorry that his house should be made a house of revelry.

We stopped, struck dumb by the ludicrous drunken solemnity with which he spoke. He was spending his Christmas to a jollier tune than ours!

Then, in the stillness which followed, a female voice shrilled: "Come back, you old fool!" And someone yanked the landlord off the doorstep, and Meeks shut the door.

After that we went. We felt we could not stomach Meeks's rendering of "The Cricket on the Hearth," which was the last item on the programme.

We'd had enough of Meeks!

SIGISMUND SMITH.

LOCKED OUT.

It is not a pleasant feeling to know that you are locked out after twelve o'clock at night through your own carelessness, and with the knowledge, furthermore, that on a freezing December night a comfortable, warm bed awaits you, if you could only reach it.

That is what happened to me lately.

I had been spending the evening at a sing-song, and after parting with my friends, I arrived just as the clock struck midnight on my own doorstep, to find I had lost my latchkey.

I knocked and rang, but with little hope of making a deaf landlady hear me. There were only two lodgers besides myself—an invalid lady, and a fellow-clerk who was laid up in hospital.

After a little ding-dong work I gave it up. All the windows were barred and shuttered.

I thought of scaling the back wall, but reflected that to spend the small hours in the narrow confines of a tiny yard was a prospect too awful to face.

I was reduced to either walking the street until daylight or knocking up a reluctant pal. I chose the former!

I shall not forget it in a hurry either. It was cold work—not even a cup of coffee at a welcome stall put any warmth in me—even the policemen seemed to eye me with suspicion, I thought.

Needless to say, I turned up with the milkman—luckily for me my landlady was an early riser—and though everyone commented on my jaded appearance next day, none imagined it was really due to my night out.

FOR THE AMATEUR CARPENTER.

One of the pleasantest materials to work with is bamboo, and you can make any number of useful and ornamental articles out of it with a modicum of trouble.

A bookcase to hold a man's favourite authors, a table for liquid refreshments to go with it, a rack for one's treasured pipes, or one on a larger scale for sporting paraphernalia may all be made out of lengths of bamboo, and are then delightfully light and portable.

All that is required is the bamboo and a glue-pot, except in the case of the book-shelf and the table, where some thin boards will be wanted for the shelves, and also for the top of the table—or a Japanese tray may be substituted in the latter instance. This makes a very effective piece of furniture at a trifling cost.

If the bamboo is required bent, it must be warmed thoroughly—this can be done over the gas. Then shape it as you wish, and when it is cold it will stay as bent.

To join lengths, you can fit the hollows into one another and glue them, or you can bore a hole in one piece and then insert the other end, and again either glue or use a small nail.

SAVING GAS MANTLES.

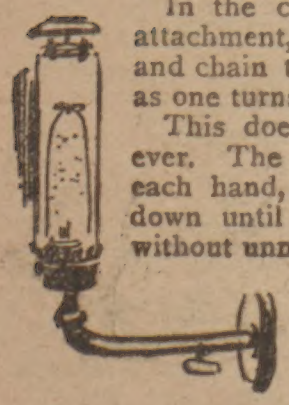
Although incandescent mantles save gas bills very considerably, they are in themselves a source of much expense if they are carelessly treated.

The commonest reason for their cracking at the shoulder is that the gas is turned too high when lighted. It ought to be turned on full for a moment so as to clear the chimney of air, and then be turned down slightly before you apply the match.

The gas should not be turned fully up for a moment until the mantle as well as the chimney gets warm.

In the case of burners fitted with a by-pass attachment, one is very apt to pull down the ring and chain till the lever has reached its limit just as one turns an electric switch as far as it will go.

This does not do the mantle any good, however. The safe plan is to take one of the rings in each hand, and then to pull the lever up and down until the maximum of light is obtained without unnecessary consumption of gas.



THE FACULTY OF HANGING ON.

Some men have it, and others haven't.

I know a man who can hold on like grim death. It pays him, too, in the end; but it takes grit. It's a sort of bulldog trait, this faculty of hanging on in spite of everything—it's British!

The man I am speaking of has had a hard struggle against tremendous odds. Many a stronger and finer fellow would have gone under in next to no time, but he just gritted his teeth and hung on.

Now he's at the top of the ladder, and, with his faculty, it is pretty certain he will stop there. It is a faculty worth cultivating—though a champion like him is born, not made. "Get hold, and hang on" is his motto, and not a bad one either.

He started life with precious little to hang on to, and he didn't seem to have any advantages worth mentioning—he was a bit deaf, and had nothing of a physique—but he meant to hang on.

And as he is in business so he is in friendship; he hangs on once he gets a grip on you. God bless him!

THE FIGHTING INSTINCT.

That THE MODERN MAN has published many articles on boxing shows that there is an appreciable demand for them.

Why? Because the fighting instinct is the possession of man. It is that force which has made him the ruler of the world.

The spirit moves in various ways. He may be a soldier, or a politician, or an ordinary business man, but the spirit of the age must out.

From birth to death life is a continual contest. It is a fight that is only ended by the greatest knocker-out—Time.

If you do not possess this fighting instinct you should cultivate it. It is an instinct of self-preservation, which means that you must reach out and take every available opportunity to protect yourself.

The policy of turning the other cheek, when one cheek has already been smitten, leads to oblivion, and no man wants to take a back place in the race of life.

The fighting instinct represents the desire to protect your own. How can the fighting instinct be cultivated? By learning to box.

Boxing improves health, develops strength and agility, and gives one self-confidence. The knowledge that you can hold your own against any man gives you great confidence. You know you will not [illegible] when opposition meets you.

Boxing is the outlet of the fighting instinct, but if you feel that you must really fight, then go and have a set-to with a punch-ball; this will soon soothe your antagonistic spirit.

I would advise every man to learn to box. It is not unusual or unnatural. It is a positive necessity. If you cannot protect yourself, you will be crushed out of the strenuous fight for success and happiness.

What is the thrill which passes through us as we witness a boxing match? Is it not our fighting instinct being roused by the exhibition of these modern gladiators?

Every sportsman possesses this fighting instinct, together with the spirit of fair-play, and it is these two qualities which denote the manly man.

A CHANCE FOR EVERYONE.

This page is reserved for paragraphs from our readers. They must have a bit of dash and appeal to *men*.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates, if your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. A. Ards, 3, Hamilton Road, Newtown, Great Yarmouth, for "The Fighting Instinct."

MEN WHO IRRITATE.

There are certain men who have little habits and peculiarities of speech that invariably irritate a chance acquaintance, who naturally notices them more than those who have got used to them.

One of the worst of these is the slow talker.

For the man who stammers one has a certain amount of sympathy and forbearance; but the man who can talk straight but takes a long time about it only inspires one with impatience and a desire to stick a pin into him and try to get his brain to work a little quicker.

The trouble is usually that the man is a slow thinker, but occasionally he is a pedant who must always pause for exactly the right word. If it happens to occur to you first, you will have to fight with a maddening desire to fling it at him and tell him to hurry up.

Another trying person is he who unconsciously keeps repeating some stock phrase or "*cliché*."

"I mean," or "I mean to say" is one of the favourites, and the man who has not the gift of expressing himself properly will trot it out several times in each sentence.

Others keep repeating "Yes" at intervals, until you wish you were in ancient Rome, where no equivalent for that word existed.

People who get nearly to the end of a sentence, and then break it off and go back to something they have forgotten are also most annoying. They are closely akin to those who will not come to the point quickly.

They greet you with suppressed excitement, and hint at some important news, and then start out on a long story giving you all the details and circumstances, until when you really come to the point you are in such a state of impatience and anger that it usually seems a small thing to have made such a fuss about.

The art of making oneself acceptable to chance acquaintances, and to those who are not your own intimate friends, is to put yourself in their place and not to expect them to make allowances for your little foibles. Aim at brevity and conciseness, and, if you can avoid it, say nothing that is not worth saying.

MENDING CLOCKS.

Some sort of liking for mechanics is common to most men, although mechanical ability is rather rare. It is a pleasure to most of us to tackle the mending of a clock, although the amateur who can put all the pieces together again and make that clock mark proper time is very seldom met.

There is a very simple way, however, of cleaning up a cheap clock, and it does not require the disintegration of its various wheels.

It is simply to take the clock out of its case, detach the cardboard face and boil the clock for a quarter of an hour. This will take out the accumulated oil and dust from the most remote and inaccessible corners, and if the clock is requiring no repairs but simply cleaning, it will go as well as ever when you return it to its case.

This plan is perfectly safe with cheap American and other clocks, but it should not be tried upon those of better quality; they should be entrusted to the care of a watchmaker.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S CHRISTMAS.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan settled himself comfortably in his armchair before the blazing fire. He had just returned from the last drill before Christmas, and his puttees, neatly rolled up, stood ornately on either side of the mantel piece.

He had unfastened the knee-buttons of his breeches, and his feet were encased in a pair of red felt slippers—a Christmas present from a grateful landlady to "as nice a gentleman as ever 'ad these here rooms (although I *mus'* say, Mr. Kernahan, as it give me a fright when I first set eyes on that gun and that bright sword o' yourn)."

He had unhooked, also, the tall, yellow collar whereon the crests of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry reflected the dancing flame of the fire, so great was their brilliancy.

The sword equipment had been removed, and it hung in all the pride of highly-polished leather over the candle brackets on the piano.

Trooper Kernahan looked around everywhere for his pipe, and found it at last in the pipe-rack by his elbow, whereat he thought unkind things about the serving maid who had a habit of putting things in the very oddest of places. What man looks for a pipe in a pipe-rack, when mantelpieces and silver cake baskets yet remain?

Trooper Kernahan filled the briar—a triumph of Bewlay's, presented Christmasly by an admiring Captain Devine—and, with a sigh of regret for the old pipes that lay concealed, cut out, and burned down, in a cupboard, he proceeded to fill it, and then applied a lighted spill to his new friend of bachelorhood, praying that it might worthily occupy the place of the antique departed ones.

He smoked uncomfortably for some time. Every man knows how far from pleasurable is the baptismal ceremony of a new pipe, however good the wood. Trooper Kernahan, however, was not one to turn back. He regarded the straight grain of the bowl for a space. No undergraduate at Oxford, pledging the parental credit, could need a better-looking pipe.

Thus stimulated to further efforts, he smoked on, and placed his slippered feet on the mantelpiece. He reflected, as he smoked, that the one drawback to Christmas was the new things that one received, for, welcome though they were when the last days of the old year had dawned and darkened, yet somehow they were out of place when Christmas—Christmas that had so many tender memories of other days—was heralded by the holly and the ancient mistletoe bough.

Kernahan knocked out the ashes of the pipe upon the grate.

He rose, and somehow he drifted to the cupboard where the old pipes—the faithful old friends—were closeted—put away just as the old thoughts men have done with, and have no practical use for now, are shut up in some odd corner of their minds.

Kernahan took them out—there were a half-dozen of them—and the landlady had oft observed that they smelt evilly.

A smile played around his lips. Reverently he gathered them up, and arranged them—an odd fancy was on him—on the little corner table by his easy-chair.

The new pipe was there too, mahogany red among the venerable polished-black veterans. Somehow that stranger had no place there with that ancient family at Christmastide.

The little thought re-echoed softly but persistently in Kernahan's mind. He looked at the new pipe. It looked very much out in the cold, so flagrantly strange, so completely unwelcome—at Christmastide.

Kernahan sat down in the chair again and fell to studying those pipes, that exclusive gathering, that almost County-with-a-crest family, and then the wretched Stranger at the Feast. The Feast, of course, was the contents of his tobacco jar.

Kernahan pulled the oft-coveted tobacco jar to

him, and picking up the Stranger, he resolutely lifted off the horned lid of the Mephistophelean face and dipped his pipe into the hollowed-out inside that it might partake of the Feast—the mixture therein.

The Stranger was of the bent or "hang-dog" variety; Kernahan usually smoked straight pipes. The bent stem caught the jar. It tilted off the table and broke into many fragments on the floor, beyond the china-mender's art.

Kernahan regarded the pieces with half a smile, half a regret. It was proved conclusively. The Stranger had no place at the Feast—at Christmastide!

Then Kernahan, catching sight of the tobacco on the floor, fell to the prosaic job of gathering up what he could from the speckless hearth.

"Of course the Stranger spoils the Feast," he said to himself, and then added angrily aloud: "What a fool I am!"

That little table held many odd things. There was Carteret's letter, for instance, jumbled up with a boot-maker's bill for Kernahan's new Wellingtons, and the Regimental Orders booklet bearing the Royal Arms. Kernahan perused the letter again.

"My father and mother join me in cordially asking you to spend Christmas with us. My brothers will be coming down, and I'm sure you'll like 'em. They're very decent sports, and if the weather holds we've one or two hunters that might suit your lordship's form. We'll bring the grey car down for you on Christmas Eve. She's fairly reliable. You can jump in at the 'Meteor.' After that, all you've got to do is to make yourself at home."

Kernahan sighed, smiled indulgently, and laid the letter down. Then he looked at the collection of old pipes again.

"The parallel!" he said. "The County-with-a-crest family—and the Stranger . . ."

Then he crossed to the table, scribbled a tactful note to Carteret, and sealed it up.

He went to the door of his room and opened it slightly.

His smoking-capped landlord, perusing the latest murder case in the further room, looked up.

"Oh—about that question regarding Christmas you asked me this morning—"

"Yes, sir."

"I shall spend it here, Mr. Binks—er—alone!"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Mr. Binks returned to his study of crime and a Sunday weekly.

Kernahan closed the door.

. . . . . .

Of course those old pipes had to be put away again. Kernahan looked at the timepiece. Nine o'clock. What a dull evening it had been! What a sparsely attended drill! Brermouth seemed empty, and none of his old friends were around their usual haunts.

Kernahan had given up the pursuit of elusive pleasure and returned "home" at last. Of course that was where the other chaps had got to—Home. Their *own* homes, where they had a family circle . . . brothers . . . . sisters . . . a mother! (Kernahan had only a photograph, you see, and just a touch of a Memory—long past, now.)

Kernahan put his papers straight and picked his military cloak off the chair. It was his habit to feel in the pocket for his tobacco pouch or cigarette case that he might have left reposing therein. He drew out a small parcel.

"Why, of course, those pipes!"

Kernahan undid the parcel. There were three of them—for Stephen, Hall, and Carteret, his oldest and best friends—little Christmas gifts such as his purse could afford. Kernahan felt rather sorry now that he had chosen pipes.

There was a knock at the door and the unmistakable sound of "B" Squadron's Tenth Legion whistle-call.

Kernahan slipped the parcel into a drawer. He was one of those who believed that a Christmas present was robbed of half its significance if it passed into the recipient's hands before the morning of the 25th.

It was Sergeant Hall in mufti.

"Deserter!" exclaimed Kernahan, brightly, as he entered. "You must be given in charge! Half a jiffy. It's frosty outside, I know. What say to some mulled ale? Got a four-and-a-half cask in the cellar, my boy. Pardonnez-moi while I disappear into the bowels of the earth."

Sergeant Hall took off his ulster, and unwound the wrapper of the King's Own colours, splendid to see.

His eye fell on the familiar hand-writing of Carteret, distinctive in its illegibility to all but the most expert of his friends. Now, friendship, when it has reached the stage of loyalty under all imaginable circumstances, troublous times, or detractions—that is, when a man has learned to look sympathetically at a thing *directly* from his "chum's" point of view—has no secrecy in correspondence, whether it be business or social.

Kernahan returned with the jug of beer and the tin "muller" to find Hall deep in Carteret's hieroglyphics, and, naturally, no thought entered his head but that Hall knew of the invitation, which meant further tactful explanation of his refusal.

Hall merely observed "Oh, hang!" in a most disappointed tone.

Kernahan, kneeling by the fire and emptying the icy-cold beer into the "muller," looked up.

"What's wrong?" he asked, unconcernedly.

"Why, old Carteret's asked you to his place for Christmas!" said Sergeant Hall, regretfully. "Cheek of him, I call it, when there are chaps—his senior in the Squadron—who'd be more than glad if——. But of *course* you'll go. Jolly decent place, Carteret's. Regular shop for Christmas. Log fires, open hearths, carved ceilings, and all that, quite *à la* Eighteenth Century. Plenty of good stuff and toddy, too, *I'll* bet. Luxurious young dog, Carteret. Good Lord . . . and hunters, too! Well—a Merry Christmas to you, Old Sport; and you might raise a silent glass to your old pals."

He paused.

"Kerny. . . ."

"Yes. (Hang—I'm spilling this beer all over the hearth.)"

"Er—they'll be thinking of you, old man. Least, *one* of 'em will, I can bet, and you'll be quaffing the red wine and smoking Carteret senior's cigars . . . But you'd be a fool if you didn't go."

"My dear good idiot, I'm *not* going!"

"Not going. Why?" asked Sergeant Hall in heart-felt surprise.

"Don't know . . . simply not going. That's all. (There—got the 'muller' stuck in all right at last! Hope the beer won't get smoky, though.) It's plain enough, isn't it?"

"No. I'll be damned if it is! You must be a

born fool. They'll do you like a giddy duke living on unearned increment. Mind you, I'm talking against my own interest when I say it, but you won't get a merrier Christmas anywhere. I was going to ask you round to our little show. I can manage the Merry Christmas, but the hunters and the sporting brothers ——"

Hall waved an expressive hand and smiled rather pathetically.

"Comparatively, we're workers, while you might rank Carteret in the county families."

"With a crest," Kernahan put in, triumphantly.

"Yes, I believe they have. Young Carteret's got a swanky gold seal with an impossible lion-passant and a shield bearing the Rose of Lancaster. But what's that got to do with it?"

"Why, it's a Family, you blind owl," said Kernahan. "In addition, it's Christmas!"

But Hall had not discussed the capital "F."

"I don't understand," he said.

Kernahan's eye fell on the pipes which he had not yet reverently borne to their sepulchral cupboard.

"Look here, Sergeant," he said.

He arranged the old pipes round in a radiating circle. Then he took the new pipe from his mouth and placed it in the venerable company haphazard.

"Try where you like," he said, "you see the position of the—the what? Now, then, Hall!"

"New pipe," said the ever literal sergeant, blankly.

"You've no imagination, old man. P'r'aps it's as well. This pipe represents, say a——"

"Stranger!" exclaimed Hall triumphantly.

Kernahan patted him on the back indulgently.

"Bravo!" he said. "You've got it! Again let me say I don't go to Carteret's palatial country house."

"Good!" exclaimed Sergeant Hall with enthusiasm. "Then it rests betwen Stephen's and mine after all!"

"Nothing of the sort, old chap. Nothing of the sort. I'm spending Christmas with—with a relation! That's how Christmas should be spent. Really, Hall, what's the use of me showing you that beautifully clear explanation if you don't t tton on to the idea?"

"But Stephen and I have been arguing all the evening. Last of all we tossed for it, and I got first pop. Left Stephen very grumpy."

"There you are! Shows you what a good job I *have* a relation."

"Poor?" asked Hall, calmly.

"No," replied Kernahan, "not particularly. Why?"

"Saved! They are the only sort of relations who ever find one out."

"This one's similarly situated. And—Hall—"

"Yes."

"He smokes the same sort of baccy. Barrie says that's a bond of friendship, you know. Good-night."

"Good-night? Good lord, I'm not going to be hustled off in that way, you old fox! Where's that baccy jar?"

Kernahan felt in his pocket and threw his pouch across the table.

"Baccy jar?" he said vaguely, "why, why, of course, I broke it with this briar. The Stranger at the Feast, you know."

Sergeant Hall lit his pipe, and regarded his friend curiously.

"Good-night, old sport," he said slowly.

"Good-night, and a Merry Christmas," said Trooper Kernahan.

Sergeant Hall merely replied "Thanks."

"Hang it all," said Trooper Kernahan, when the door closed heavily, "he might have added 'The same to you.'"

* * * * * * *

It is a new Trooper Kernahan—a strange Trooper Kernahan—to whom I must introduce you, a Trooper Kernahan in a Norfolk jacket, uncreased trousers, and the red carpet slippers.

As was fitting on Christmas night, he was engaged in "toasting" himself—and absent friends. But there was no one to respond.

Mr. Binks, in attempting to carry the province of peace and good-will to all men to the extent of reading an inquest on an exhumed body case, had met with no marked encouragement, and had retired early in the evening.

The landlady, having heaved off her bosom for the twentieth time the remark that Christmas came but once a year, was frozen with an observation regarding her lack of originality.

"Mr." Kernahan sat in splendid isolation. Alone for once on an evening that should have been marked with fraternal conviviality, Trooper Kernahan fittingly smoked the pipe so representative of himself.

But even so its newness seemed out of harmony with his reminiscent thoughts, and he laid it aside and lit up a cigar.

He had not troubled to light the gas. His fire burned cheerily, and the beer frothed white in the "muller" as it reached the required temperature. It was, in a sense, a scene of content, but hardly blissful. Trooper Kernahan wrapped a handkerchief round a glass of generously warmed ale. Then a smile suffused his genial countenance.

"To my old pals, Stephen, Hall, and Carteret," he said sentimentally. "I raise my glass to you, and wherever you may be I wish you the old wish—A Merry Christmas! Now, what the deuce is that?"

There was the sound of a whispered altercation from the passage.

"No. Don't announce us, *please!* Be quiet you ass! Sh!"

It was Hall's voice.

"There! Hang it, Carteret, you've gone and spoilt it!"—Stephen's voice, clearly.

"I haven't. Bet a bob he's asleep. Now, then. Pipes on. Quick march!"

The room door opened. The file entered in a formation and bearing worthy of parade. Sergeant Hall struck a match and officiously lighted the gas.

"Mahomet," he said, "wouldn't come to the mountain, so you'll observe the mountains have come to Mahomet."

"But—it's really good of you fellows, though—I told Hall distinctly that——"

Kernahan felt foolish because his face he felt was a vivid red.

"Yes, but we *are* of one family and one breed. Look at our new pipes! Carteret's nearly choking his fragile self. Do you surrender? You and your relation—pooh!"

Trooper Kernahan smilingly repeated his former statement.

"I *told* you I had a relation," he began laughingly. "You mean to say you disbelieve——"

"No—o. Not for worlds," said Sergeant Hall. "I know his name, too!"

"You do, by gosh?"

"Yes. Your—other Self!" Sergeant Hall collapsed into the most comfortable armchair.

"Oh, Hall's *got* an imagination after all, you see," said Stephen.

"He has," said the others, settling themselves for the evening, "*very* fertile."

"And now," Carteret observed, "Trooper Kernahan will kindly apologise all round for daring to think of spending Christmas on his little own?"

"In a jiffy," Kernahan responded, winking, "when I've fetched up some more treble X."

HIS PURPOSE.

The little boy came into the compartment reserved for child messengers, and the publican spotted him in a twinkling.

He was the son of a local teetotalism advocate, and the publican's interest was aroused.

"Yes, my son," he remarked genially.

"A bottle of Scotch," said the boy.

"For yourself?"

"No, for father."

"But I thought your father was T. T."

"So he is," replied the boy. "He wants a bottle of Scotch because he needs a cork for a float when he goes fishing."

And now the publican is sitting with his feet in a mustard bath and a cold-water bandage round his head, wondering whether that boy will ever be made Lord Advocate for Scotland.

THE WORK OF THE FOGMAN.

HOW A RAILWAY IS RUN IN A FOG.

When we leave home in the early morning and wait about at the station, wondering when we shall hear our train come snorting through the dense fog, we are inclined to grow impatient at the delay and to rail at the company for what it cannot help.

The end of the platform is obscured by the thick white atmosphere, and sight is for the moment useless. Stamping up and down, puffing through our gloved hands, and burying our cold chins in the upturned collars of our great-coats, we are made aware now and again that something is going on up and down the line in spite of the fog.

Loud reports echo from far and near, sometimes just audible in the distance, sometimes so near as to make us jump with alarm at the sudden explosion.

The rattle of the signals, which none of us can see, raises our hopes that at last our train is coming, but once again we are disappointed, as out of the mists a slow train emerges for a few yards and is lost again, without stopping to "take up passengers," as the time-tables put it.

And then in sheer weariness and annoyance, we turn to counting the number of fog-signals we can hear, and try to construct some theory as to their meaning. That they are to a certain extent filling the place of the now invisible signals we know in a vague and general way, but precisely how they carry their message and what that message is, remains uncertain.

The fogman is seldom given a thought, but he deserves a great deal of our sympathy and more of our thanks than he is ever likely to get.

Every railway company is bound to keep, during winter, when fogs are most prevalent and densest, a number of men who can be called upon at a moment's notice, at any hour of the day or night, to go on "fogging duty." They are the toughest and most trusted men in the companies' service, and can be relied upon to carry out most important duties, on which depend the lives of thousands of the travelling public, under the very worst and most trying and exacting conditions.

The momentary glimpses of them that we catch as the train shuffles along yard by yard, feeling its way from signal to signal, show us weather-worn faces peering above the level of the rails from little oblong pits sunk in the ground close beside the "permanent way." Beside these pits there glows a red bucket fire, the very sight of which sends a glow through us as we sit restlessly in the chilly carriage, longing to reach the terminus, and having read our favourite newspaper through twice, from title to imprint.

It is the business of these men to interpret to the drivers of passing trains the state of the line ahead. It is a mistake to suppose that the fog-signals take the place of the signals, for even in the densest fog, when no signal is visible to driver or fogman, they are nevertheless worked from the signal box just as if the air were clear.

The fogman is always stationed close to the important signals, and at the side of his pit there is a dial which indicates the condition of the signal which towers invisible above him.

When a train draws up and explodes a detonator, the driver knows that he is near the signal, and he must make sure, from the fogman, whether it is "off," as the railwaymen have it, or against him, and must act accordingly.

Then the fogman has to replace the detonator from his little magazine, and sits awaiting the next train by his glowing bucket fire.

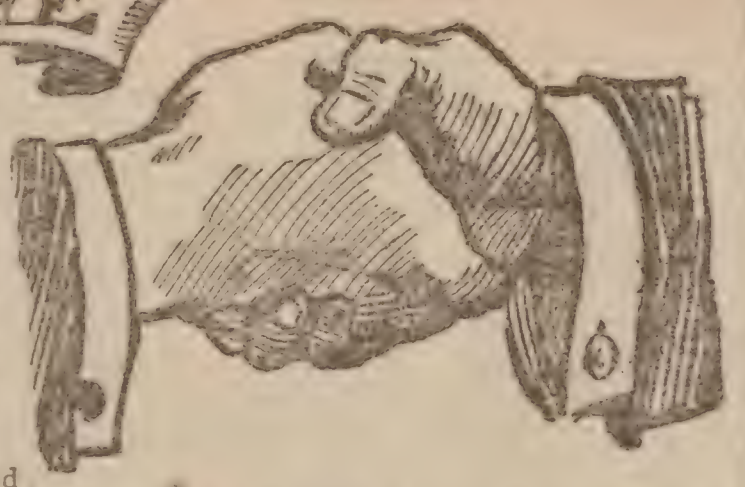
There is no time for dozing in the little pit, for trains are coming as fast as safety will allow, and the fogman must be on the alert.

He is carefully looked after by inspectors, for the cold and fog combined play havoc with health, and a disabled fogman may mean the wreck of a train. And so his shifts are short, and while on duty he is supplied at frequent intervals with hot coffee—a luxury he values highly as a defence against the deadening cold.

M. BRUCE.

SOME VERY HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

GOODBYE



His feelings were very different from those he had experienced when he last took this journey.

Then he set forth for England with all the enthusiasm of a pioneer.

But London had not proved all that his imagination had painted it. A competence of sorts he had certainly won, but there were few signs of that fortune that he had promised himself, and sometimes he wondered whether he had been wise in leaving his own country, for, to a Scotsman, Scotland is for ever and always dear.

Now he was going to England for the second time, for he had come home—really *home*—for the Christmas holidays.

He had kept his end up with his people, for a Scotsman is proud by instinct, and will not admit that his hopes have been unfulfilled, but now when he found himself alone in the train the truth crowded in upon him.

He was alone really. There was a Cockney tourist on the seat opposite, and he would talk grandly, trying to make him believe that his friends were of the very first families, though he was travelling third-class. But Angus could forget him, even while pretending to listen to his clumsily-disguised self-praise.

His thoughts were of his country—Scotland, dear old Scotland, that is at once a mother and a sweetheart to every one of her sons.

Presently they came to the bridge that spans the Tweed at Berwick, and the express slowed down to cross it, according to the company's bye-laws. To Angus it seemed intentional cruelty, torture drawn out for sheer malice.

The little Cockney chattered on, and Angus leant out of the window.

An old refrain was running in his ears. It seemed to have been set to the rhythm of the humming and thumping wheels beneath the carriage :

"Farewell tae my dearie ; farewell tae my Jean ;
Farewell tae the land I may ne'er see again——.'

The blue mist was hanging over the banks of the Tweed, and the heart of Angus was far from Berwick.

The train rattled on, and presently the deep reverberation ceased, and Angus knew they had left the bridge and were on English soil.

He had said good-bye.

"If you *don't* mind," said the little Cockney, "would you shut that window? There's a beastly draught. As I was saying ——"

Angus sat down and listened to him patiently. The tension of the farewell was over.

* * * * * * *

"Hullo, old sport! Feeling better?"

The greeting was exactly what the invalid expected. He had received a brief note, and knew that the long-hoped-for visit would be a certainty—Harrington always kept his word—and, knowing his man, he foresaw what he would say.

"Getting fit as a fiddle," he answered bravely. "They're tinkering at me, and they say they'll soon have me right again. It's awfully good of you to look me up."

Harrington had brought the fresh air in with him. It stuck about his clothes, and seemed to come even from the healthy clearness of his eyes, but there was something about the colour of his friend's face that he did not like.

"I say, old boy," he remarked, "you've got to buckle to a bit. This isn't like you, you know. You've got to get well quick, soon. We're wanting you down at the club, my buck, and we're counting on you for next Thursday."

For once—perhaps, the only time in his life—he lied. He knew that next Thursday—or next Thursday week—was out of the question for the man who lay on the bed, but he felt he had to pretend. One must keep an invalid cheerful.

The man on the bed smiled as merrily as he could.

"I'm always thinking of you—you and the other chaps," he said.

Harrington put his hat and his stick on the dressing-table and sat down on the edge of the bed. His face was more serious than usual.

"We're thinking of you, too, old sport," he said, "and you've got to get better quick—you've *got* to."

The man on the bed smiled again. There was something refreshing about Harrington. Harrington was a brute—a fine, healthy, young English brute—*he* was on a bed of sickness, and the tonic of the other's company did him good.

He had been thinking things—things that a man doesn't like to speak about—and he saw something more in Harrington than Harrington had ever seen in himself.

For a while he said nothing, and his visitor sat there on the edge of the bed, looking at him kindly, in his good old way—strong, virile, friendly, simple—and yet, it appeared, without fully understanding.

"I say, old chap," said the man on the bed at last, "if anything happens to me—if they don't manage to patch me together, you know—I want you to have my watch. You'll wear it, won't you?'

"Rot!" said Harrington. "Don't talk like that. You'll be up and about in a day or two."

Then he butted in with club news, and told the other how the young blood was shaping, and all the rest of it. And the man on the bed drank in his words, or seemed to do so, but it was really the strength of a strong personality near his own that he was imbibing—the personality of Harrington, the simple, healthy brute, whom he had longed to be like.

And at last the time came for them to part.

"Well, good-bye, old man," said Harrington. "I'll come up and haul you out of bed on Thursday, you know, if you don't turn up."

"Good-bye—dear old chap," said the man on the bed, "good-bye, and God bless you! I've always thought a lot of you, and you don't think I'm such a bad sort of chap, do you?"

"You're one of the best," said Harrington, "one of the very best."

"Do you really mean that?" the other asked anxiously. "It isn't an empty compliment, it isn't meant just to comfort a sick man? You mean it? Honestly, mind you! You wouldn't dare to lie to a fellow who's——

Harrington cut him short.

"Don't speak like that," he said ; "you'll soon be as fit as a fiddle. Of course I mean what I say. You're one of the *very best* chaps I know—tons better than any other of our lot."

The other raised himself on one elbow and held out his hand.

"Shake on that!" he said. "It's what I've longed to hear ever since I met you. We're real pals, then, you and I, real, genuine, downright pals. Gad, I'd give my life for you if you wanted it—my life, or what's left of it!" he added, smiling weakly. "Shake hands."

Harrington was astonished at the strength of the other's grip, and the handshake was not by any means a momentary one.

"Get well," he said. "We want you on Thursday."

And, laughing, he left the room and closed the door very gently behind him.

That night Harrington cut two of his most intimate friends, simply because he did not see them.

And when he returned to his lodgings, Harrington—the brute, the man who was admired for his restraint and his confidence in himself—threw himself on his knees by his bedside.

"Oh, God," he said, "spare him!"

But something told him that the prayer was futile.

"God," he added, "if he can't live, have mercy on his soul!"

And something at that moment told him that he had said the last good-bye to his friend, and Harrington—the reputedly unfeeling—buried his face in the bedclothes.

* * * * * * *

There was just an element of triumph in it.

He was leaving one post to take up another.

The new one was something worth while, for his screw at the last ran into the half-thousand, and yet his feelings on this, the evening of his parting, were not altogether joyous.

He wanted more money, he was worth it, and he was going to get it, and yet—

There was the saying of the one word, "Good-bye."

They came to him at six o'clock and after, that evening, and said it in different ways.

Some did not come to say it at all.

There was one whom he had nursed into proficiency, and who was now to take his place.

He did not come.

Possibly he felt that it would not be policy to be chummy with a man who was leaving, possibly he forgot what the other had done for him, but anyhow he put on his hat and went his way and did not say good-bye to the man who was leaving.

The man sat at his desk, waiting. He had already put into his handbag the few papers that were of purely personal interest, but he waited on, waited for the farewells that he knew were coming, though he knew also that they would not give him unmixed pleasure.

There was his typist—a girl who had been sweated at fifteen shillings a week by the firm that employed them both to do his work.

"Good-bye, Mr. ——," she said, "I should like to thank you for having been so kind to me."

The man shook hands with her and smiled, and said good-bye, and wished her the best of luck.

But he wondered whether he had always been so kind to her as she said he had been ; he wondered whether in the rush of business he had always extended to this humble assistant the courtesy she deserved.

He waited at his desk, pretending to arrange papers, but really waiting to see who would dare to say farewell to a man who was leaving the firm, against the firm's wish.

Some of the cleaners and the packers came and did it, and they were not by any means the men he expected. There were some he had felt obliged to pull up, more than once, and some that he thought did not quite care for him personally.

But now that his authority was ended, he began to see life as it was.

Men whom he had reprimanded—one man with whom he had all but scrapped—bade him good-bye with that strangely magical grip of the hand that makes mere words seem foolish.

He had been a ruler in his own sphere, and yet they loved him. In the hand-grip there passed between them that complete understanding which no one has ever been able to express. Each knew—once and for ever—that he liked the other, and that he would do anything on earth for him.

And so the half-hour passed.

By half-past six many had bade him good-bye whom he had not expected to do so, and many whom he had waited for had failed to turn up.

At 6.45 he took his last look at the building, and the picture of it remained for all time associated with the farewells that had been said to him, and with the others that had been omitted.

H. HECTOR.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER

XLIII.
THE CANDIDATE'S MEETING.

When I enter a public bar, either of the "smoke-room" or the "four-ale" type, and see posted up a notice reading, "Gentlemen are respectfully requested not to discuss Politics," I recognise in the landlord thereof a man of keen perception.

In this free country of ours we are allowed free opinions upon this subject and we are apt to freely express them. The fair-minded, tolerant politician has yet to be discovered, wherefore discussions wax too warm and inevitably become mixed up in the end with personalities. After that a free fight and a timely interference on the part of the police may be looked forward to almost with certainty.

Now, broadly, a Parliamentary election affects three classes of people. For the candidate it provides much publicity, for the electorate a matter for serious argument. But, above all, the gods give nothing greater—in the way of "jolly fine sport"—for the young men of the constituency.

A candidate is a great man from the day he makes his maiden speech to the members of his committee behind closed doors. Then come the minor meetings, and, after that, the mammoth gathering attendant upon a Great Party Demonstration when the General Election is imminent.

CADGING.

He has been through the usual preliminaries. He has been "shot at" all round, metaphorically and literally.

Secretaries of bankrupt local charities have grabbed at his wealth, the Party leaders have allowed him to give "At Homes," permitted him to stand little private dinners, pushed the Party's Club's Billiard Handicap Prize Fund list under his nose, reminded him that the Club smoke-room could be improved, hinted that a new dining-hall would supply a long-felt want.

After all this he is allowed his show, and the Club is decorated in his honour with the Party colours.

The Club porters follow suit; so do the Club page-boys, until, at last, the candidate wishes that Mr. Lyons would stage-manage his show on the "no tip" system for a sum down.

The show he provides in the Assembly Room of the Town Hall or the arena of the Oswald-Stoll-like Hippodrome is termed the Candidate's Meeting.

THE OWNERS OF VOTES.

It is in reality a meeting of all people who can manage to get in who have the very least right to be there. There is, however, usually a fair sprinkling of men who *have* votes (magic word just now) besides those who have not got them (and do not want them), and "ladies" who demand them in strident tones—or the candidate's blood in default.

To an aspirant for music-hall honours an audience is as one person. To a candidate for a seat beneath the eyes of the presiding Speaker it is the same.

It must be humoured first of all. For this purpose a beery-looking gentleman, with a happy knack of dropping all "h's" but an unlimited lung capacity, leads the chorus of some political doggerel set to the music of the latest swinging refrain of a music-hall song. The band merely tunes up the chord, and is thenceforward drowned completely.

One realises how very far back was the last election when one remembers that "Down at the Old Bull and Bush" was extensively parodied upon that great occasion.

"Come, come, come, rally round us, boys. Back up your candidate well (Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra!)," &c.

Now, far be it from a very humble journalist to criticise the various Party poet laureates. He only prays that he may be forgiven if he timorously suggests that the aforesaid versifiers should see that the lines Liberal, Conservative, or Socialistic—such as are set to the tunes of to-day's latest popular songs, may at least scan.

Otherwise, let them beware! A higgledy-piggledy line is sure to upset an audience and cause uproar long before the chairman takes his seat on the raised daïs and introduces the speaker of the evening—"our worthy candidate"—in a few soulful words.

THE DANGER OF CHAOS.

The audience is, in all cases, highly strung—amenable to everything so long as it is tactfully handled, but, for instance, let one side of the house get ahead of the other by as much as a bar or two in the "Party's Battle Song"—then chaos results.

You hear the resounding "Ha-ha-ha!" from one side as the other finishes later. "Nasty remarks" are flung across the house. The candidate might as well sink the hire of the hall then as a dead loss. The audience is divided against itself, and there is confusion.

He will be subjected to interruptions all the evening. The question then will not be Tariff Reform or Socialism, but Bill Smith's singing *versus* Tom Brown's warbling. Of such stuff are our electors made! Upon these enlightened people does the welfare of England depend.

It is at the time of a General Election that the British workman is *the* important man of the day. Both parties want his approval. The candidate addresses him in a most friendly and brotherly manner. He hears himself and his friends addressed as the men of power that they certainly are in these democratic days.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

Contrary to the affected belief of the upper middle classes, he is in most cases perfectly competent to make his choice in political matters, and his reasoning, if not ethical, is usually practical.

He is oblivious of the John Stuart Mill, and even, alas! of the Ruskin, who wanted to do so much for him. He may not be well up in political economy, but he is keenly alive to such taxes as affect him personally — especially those upon tobacco, beer, sugar, and tea. The first two affect his pocket-money and the latter his housekeeping expenses.

They dazzle him with cryptic posters; they trouble him with statistics; they harass him with expert opinions. He listens respectfully to the candidate enumerating many momentous things regarding the importation of foreign-made doors and cucumber frames.

Then he calls out:

"What about our BEER?"

Yes, that is the question. What about our beer?

"And 'baccy?" echoes his mate.

The audience is warming up to the subject now.

"And our whisky?" says a venerable white-haired monument of respectability in the reserved chairs. Then, surprised at the sound of his own voice, he blushes a vivid pink and subsides into a worried silence. Truly, elections make vulgar people of us all!

"Yes, gentlemen, *what* about it?" the candidate echoes, delightedly—and somewhat vaguely—as he refreshes himself with a drink of water from the glass on the little table in front of him.

"This is what you fellows will be drinking soon!" he says, catching the smiles of the young men in the balconies.

Cheers and much laughter greet the remark. Henceforward that audience is his own. It is a wondrous thing how soon one can jump from beer to Imperial Defence, from Imperial Defence to Tariff Reform, and the denunciation of an iniquitous late Government, "which, gentlemen, has been piffling with Socialistic experiments and putting them before the defence of the Empire!" Indignation is expressed in every gesture.

See the candidate who has the audience hanging on his incisive sentences. It is a noble sight—one man swaying the multitude! Now calmly reasoning, now detailing statistics, now showing this side, now that—all this, mind you, representing the general's subtle concentration of his forces.

BRINGING IT HOME.

The cheering has subsided. There is no laughter. The "Hear, hears!" are solemn, serious and heartfelt. The "Yes!" has triumph in it—the resonant "No!" a challenge.

The candidate raises his hand, and with all the dramatic finish of a Beerbohm Tree he brings the peroration—sweeping and decisive—home!

There is dead silence for a minute. Then the candidate takes his seat, and the shouting, whistling, and cheering break forth, punctuated with the rapid fire of hand-clapping and stamping.

The candidate hears not the few colourless words in which someone proposes and another seconds the vote of thanks to the chairman.

Outside, he finds the horses have been taken from his brougham and an enthusiastic crowd of muscular young men are fighting for the honour of dragging it through the streets to his local residence.

Once there, the candidate sits down, wearily, to supper.

"Well?" says his wife.

"How do you think M.P. will sound after my name?" he replies. PETER GILCHRIST.

FROST IN THE HOUSE.

The house is at all other seasons unquestionably the domain of the woman, but when anything unexpected occurs, such as a spell of sharp frosty weather, she appeals hopelessly to the man.

He will be wise if he takes matters in hand before she has had time to make her appeal, for when the frost has actually arrived it is too late to take practicable action.

The first thing that wants attention is the water supply, and the method of procedure must necessarily depend upon the system of piping.

In most houses, it is possible to turn off the water supply altogether, and in time of moderate frost this should certainly be done. Sometimes the turn-off tap is in the scullery at the spot where the principal pipe enters the house, and sometimes it is concealed in a corner of the garden, but always there is a tap at some spot or another by means of which you may deprive the house of its water supply.

When you have turned the water off, you must let the taps run until the pipes in the house itself are emptied of their contents.

Remember to warn the womenfolk that the kitchen fire must not be lighted until the water has been readmitted to the boiler in the morning, for, if the boiler is not properly supplied, it may either crack or burst.

If the frost becomes very intense, however, it is unwise to turn the water off altogether, as there is the possibility of freezing occurring between the tap and the main from which your house is supplied.

If the frost is sufficiently intense to justify this fear, you should allow at least one tap to trickle all night. Flowing water is much less liable to become frozen than is still water, and if you thus maintain a circulation through your pipes the liability to having them frozen is greatly lessened.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF LEGGINGS

THEIR ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.

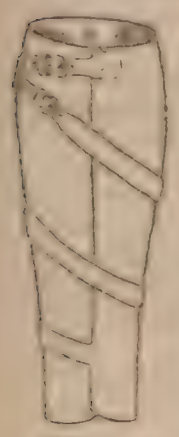
For the man who has continually to brave the elements and lives the out-door life, whether he is a horseman or not, the legging is undoubtedly the ideal winter leg-covering.

If it is of a serviceable pattern it is proof against mud, cold and rain, and for protection to the leg, only the puttee can compare with it.

There are so many different patterns of leggings nowadays, that it is difficult to choose between them.

The make that is ordained by the regulations for Army officers and for most of those Yeomanry and Cavalry regiments which are equipped with leggings and not puttees, is the so-called "puttee legging."

One of the chief advantages of this is that it can be adjusted to the size of the leg, and as one pair of breeches is often of much thicker material than another, this is a great consideration. At the top they are fastened by a small strap and buckle, the outer flap being prevented from riding up by a tiny hook at the top.



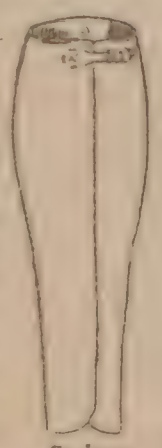
"Puttee Legging."

The strap, which is passed round the leg and through loops sewn on at the back, will not at first fit close to the leg, but soon stretches to the shape of a spiral puttee.

The spring legging certainly looks very neat, but it cannot be adjusted to any alteration in the measurement of the leg or the breeches, for though the strap at the top is adjustable, the straight piece of metal which springs into a socket at the top and bottom is fixed.

These leggings are excellent for walking in, and if well blocked, look very well, but unless the spring is exceptionally good, they are not advisable for riding in, as they have a tendency to come unfastened at the bottom owing to the friction of the stirrup leather.

Another type which suffers from the same disadvantages, but looks equally well, is that shown in the next illustration, in which the front is secured by a strap running up through metal loops which are fixed to the underneath flap and pass through long eyelets in the upper flap of the legging. The strap is finally secured at the top by another which runs across through a loop in it.



Spring Legging.

This make of legging, however, has not the advantage of being easily fastened like spring-leggings. It is equally rigid, and takes some little time to put on.

Another make which is both neat and suitable for riding, is the laced legging, but the fastening and the taking off of this is a long and irksome business, in spite of the fact that no knot has to be tied.

"Hammond" Legging.

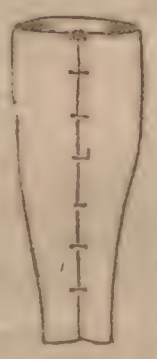
The lacing starts from the bottom, where the end of the lace is prevented by a knot from slipping through the hole, and is continued as shown in the sketch, in the same manner as with a straight-laced boot. At the top the loose end is simply tucked inside the legging, which is then quite as secure as if a knot had been tied. But in order to take the legging off, the laces have to be loosened right down to the bottom with a button-hook or with the fingers, and when you come in fagged after a long ride or walk, this is the last thing you want to be bothered with.

Almost the ideal form of legging, but one which is both expensive and difficult to obtain, is the real puttee-legging, which though made of leather and blocked to fit the leg, winds round like an ordinary spiral puttee.

It is secured at the bottom by a couple of invisible studs, like ladies' dress fasteners. At the top it is buckled by means of two straps. Thus, it fits exactly to the leg, and allows for slight variations in its measurement.

Many men make the mistake of having their leggings too long. They should only just cover the calf, and leave free play to the ankle and knee. And also it is most important that they should not be too tight, or the circulation may be impeded, and varicose veins result.

The cleaning of leggings, especially if they are made of pigskin, is also a matter that requires some care. The leather should be bent so that the outer surface is stretched tight and all wrinkles removed while you are polishing it.



Laced Legging.

There are many other varieties of legging besides those illustrated here. One of the commonest of all, for instance, is that which is fastened by means of buttons down the front. If made to fit well, these are hard to beat, as far as appearance goes; but here again the interposing of a hard object like a button between the stirrup-leather and the shin bone is liable to lead to discomfort if you do much riding.

It is hardly necessary to add that, for the same reason, leggings should always be put on with the straps, if any, pointing outwards, and the inner edge over the outer one in front.

Some leggings are made to lace up the front by means of studs instead of holes, but this pattern again is impracticable for the horseman.

Yet another pattern of puttee legging has two straps on each leg, which are wound round in different directions and cross each other twice at back and front before being buckled at the top.

As a material for leggings, real pigskin is unequalled for hard wear, and is undoubtedly most-suited for the regulation type of puttee legging, whether brown or black.

Button leggings, however, and those which present a large surface unbroken by straps, look best in smooth calf, on which a polish can be obtained.

Fancy leathers, such as grey antelope and so on, are best avoided, for the whole object of leggings is that should be good for hard wear and any weather.

If you wear breeches with button fastenings at the knee, see that your leggings have a tab with a button-hole both at the front and the back.

If you wear laced breeches, and do not find that the button at the back keeps the leggings in place, try a pair of breeches-straps.

A well-fitting pair of leggings, however, should need no such assistance.

The Genuine Puttee Legging.

L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE IDEAL SPORT.

WHICH IS IT, FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF ALL-ROUND DEVELOPMENT?

One day a poet sent in a verse to an editor, entitled "Why Do I Live?" The editor immediately wrote back: "Because you sent in your poem by post!"

Now, it is a source of great satisfaction to me to think that I am in the same enviable position with regard to the readers of THE MODERN MAN, for, having started on the subject outlined in the heading to this article, I am laying myself open to torrents of wrath from each individual reader for not having known at once that his own pet sport was the best for all-round physical fitness.

There is a common saying that riding is the best sport for giving strength, and walking the best for maintaining it; and, on the face of it, this seems true enough. But we are dealing now with the question of all-round muscular development and physical soundness, rather than simple strength.

Some people swear by boxing for making you fit; but this is a fallacy. Boxing is a sport which it is nothing short of suicide to attempt, if you are not sound and fit in every limb and organ; but if you are not fit, it won't make you so. Ball-punching might, but boxing won't. One is constantly receiving so many little "jars" to the nerves, that, when one is unfit, the effect is, if anything, deleterious.

It is the same with swimming. The sport, in itself, is splendid for muscular development; but there are so many men, otherwise physically sound, for whom it is very inadvisable to immerse the body totally in cold water, that, for the multitude, swimming is not, perhaps, to be recommended.

A very good outdoor exercise is running, but—and it is a very important reservation—*not* in races. For running to be beneficial to one's general physical condition, it should be indulged in in such a form as to allow of one's leaving off when one has had enough. Where an exercise involves any overdue strain, it does more harm than good.

One of the very best sports from the point of view under discussion is rowing or sculling.

If you think it over, you'll come to the conclusion, as I have done, that there is not a muscle in the body which is not brought beneficially into play. The legs, arms, and the muscles of the abdomen and back are developed in a manner which few, if any, other sports can equal.

Devotees of our premier winter game will no doubt be wondering indignantly why I have not touched before this on their peerless sport; and I shall earn the unmitigated scorn of loyal followers of the Association code when I express the opinion that Rugby is preferable to it, from the point of view of all-round development.

Compare a photograph of the average Association team with that of the average Rugby fifteen, and you will have to admit that, whereas the legs of the "Soccer" men are strong and wiry, their arms and chests are, in a few cases, a little "skinny," perhaps.

On the other hand, the Rugbyites will, I venture to assert, be brawny, deep-chested, strong-armed men, with legs like unto the trunk of a stout oak-tree. Why is this? Is it not because of the immense amount of work done with the arms and upper torso in Rugby, and the well-known rule in Association prohibiting everybody except the goal-keeper from using his hands?

To sum up the vexed quesion at issue, it is best to take three or four of the best games or sports, and choose from among them. Let us take walking, rowing, Rugby football, and golf. At one time rowing and golf were beyond the reach of men with moderate incomes; but nowadays they may be indulged in by almost everybody. Walking is excellent, but we will set it aside, because it is not everybody who likes it.

Anyhow, it is safe to say that the man who rows in the summer and golfs or plays "Rugger" in the winter ought to boast of a muscular development and physical fitness second to none.

G. B. HARRISON.

KELLY

A SKETCH.

By H. ARMSTRONG.

Let me make it quite clear at the very outset that the Kelly of this record has no connection whatever with the ubiquitous gentleman from the Isle of Man.

To begin with, nobody took sufficient interest in the subject of our sketch to ask with melancholy reiteration, in season and out of season, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

If anyone had ventured to ask this question once in his hearing the offence would not have been repeated. Kelly disliked airy persiflage intensely. The play of wits was beyond him. He had no small talk. But he knew how to drive home his left with lightning speed, and in the social set in which he moved such knowledge was an efficient substitute for repartee.

Kelly was what is termed a "wharf-rat." He was born in a hideous tenement in the heart of a North Shields slum. His earliest recollections were of a public-house with a monstrous, flaunting sign, which pleased his artistic sense, and impressed itself on his infantile memory.

Whenever, at sea, he fell into a sentimental and reminiscent mood, as sailors do, his thoughts of childhood and home centred themselves, not on the little rose-covered homestead of the story-book, but on the warm, cheery interior of the long bar, where his mother, with the youthful Kelly in her arms, was a constant visitor.

She soon discovered that a corner of a rag, soaked in beer, and thrust into the mouth of the squalling child was an effective soother, and to this early experience Kelly attributed his nice discrimination in the matter of drinks. "There's nothing like making an early start," he was wont to declare, "and, thanks to the old woman, I did."

Educational authorities were more lax in Kelly's youth than now, and his school-days ended early. His literary sense, however, was sufficiently developed to enable him to enjoy the "comic" illustrated papers, and he was expert enough in the caligraphic art to endorse an advance-note.

This, however, was the limit of his scholastic attainments. He never showed any penchant for that "self-improvement" which, according to their biographers, raised our estimable Labour Leaders to the lofty intellectual plane on which they stand.

Kelly was an excellent example of primitive man, so far as virtue was concerned; but he was very, very up to date in vice. On his first voyage, in the capacity of assistant to the ship's cook, his tales of boyish escapades ashore electrified even a *blasé* forecastle, and the skipper, so the steward declared, had been heard to remark in tones of admiration that "that there boy weren't half a little devil."

Kelly was never aggressively religious. The well-meant advances of an evangelical port missionary caused him, at a comparatively early age, to sever all connection with the churches.

By request, he had attended a seamen's mission meeting, and he behaved throughout the service with decorum. But when the missioner, desirous of leading the reprobate to the "penitence form," laid a persuasive hand on his shoulder, Kelly rose.

He was a powerful fellow, and he seized and held the missioner by the back of the neck, with a comically effortless air.

Then, in a calm dispassionate voice, he addressed the meeting. He was something of a "sea-lawyer," and his opening remarks dealt with habeas corpus, in relation to the bodily constraint which, he alleged, the missioner had put upon him.

As he warmed to his work, his language became more lurid, and his gesticulations caused his captive's head to shake until the unfortunate man's eyes seemed about to start from their sockets.

For wealth of vocabulary and elocutionary skill, Kelly's peroration was a masterpiece. And when he had brought his harangue to a close, he made a dignified exit from the building, leaving the congregation in a state of petrified horror, which appeared to afford him the most lively satisfaction.

But it was as a pugilist that Kelly appeared at his best. It was his boast that only two men could claim ever to have got the better of him in fair fight. One was an old chief engineer, who had met his death in a street brawl in Buenos Ayres, and whose name Kelly always mentioned with respect and admiration, for, blackguard as he was in many respects, Kelly was a sportsman and bore no malice.

The other warrior who had mastered him was a young man of almost slender build and almost foppish mien, whose hidden power and skill came as a terrible surprise to the doughty Tyneside champion. But the second occasion on which our hero met his match deserves more detailed mention, so unexpected was the course of events.

Kelly spent the greater portion of his days shovelling coal in the stoke-hole of a steamer—that is, when he was not on shore, either rioting or languishing in gaol as a result of his riots. He passed muster well enough among the crowd which forgathers in the coal-shovel and fire-slice department of the average "tramp." But his inordinate craving for liquor and a certain truculence of manner militated against his rising in his profession.

It was a great day, therefore, when the chief engineer of a passenger liner, in a moment of aberration, signed Kelly on as fireman for a trip from London to the States and back.

But, alas! to celebrate the occasion, Kelly "tapped his advance-note," and came aboard the steamer riotously drunk. Excess of liquor rarely impaired—nay, even seemed to improve—his fighting powers, and on this occasion he was spoiling for a battle.

A slim, brass-bound, immaculate youth, the liner's third mate, was at the head of the gangway when Kelly came on board.

The officer surveyed the drunken fireman with haughty disgust written plainly on his alert, clean-shaven face. Kelly stiffened visibly under his gaze.

"You low-down hog," remarked the "third" pleasantly, "get forrard to your pig-sty, out of the passengers' sight. They'll wonder what sort of animals we ship for stokers, by gad, they will."

Kelly was in no mood just then to overlook an insult of this sort. With a snarl of rage, he rushed in and aimed a vicious blow at the officer's jaw.

But the liner's third mate had "served his time" in a Western Ocean cattle-boat, and he parried and countered with a lightning dexterity which warned his aggressor that he had, so to speak, tackled no easy proposition.

Then the twain settled down to work in grim earnest. The chief officer and the second made as if to interfere, but the combatants warned all meddlers off.

Up and down the liner's foredeck raged the battle, and the sound of it rent the air, so that aboard the neighbouring shipping was much wonder and conjecture. The shrieks of lady-passengers mingled with the hoarse cheering of the forecastle gang, which had turned out *en masse* to watch events.

The third mate was a consummate fighter and as sound as a bell, whilst Kelly had the effects of a week's debauch to reckon with.

The end came suddenly. The "third" got home with his left over the other's heart. Kelly's head jerked forward, and his opponent swung his right, with an irresistible hooking motion, full on the fireman's chin.

With a grunt of pain, Kelly went down. His head struck the deck-planking with a thud, and he lay still—defeated for the second time in his life.

When he came to himself, a policeman was in attendance, and Kelly, only half sobered, wept bitter tears on the plump neck of the representative of the law, for that his pride had been humbled, and that by a mere boy. Then he went meekly ashore, to be the guest of His Majesty for a space of many days and nights.

During that period he meditated on the folly of offering battle to one who, as an apprentice, armed only with an iron belaying-pin, had laid the fear of death upon as desperate a gang of Yankee cattle-men as ever sailed the Western sea.

Alas! to every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late, and Kelly's end, when it came, was sudden and horrible.

In the early hours, just before the dawning of a winter day, a small steamer was ploughing her way down the coast, London bound, with coal.

In the stoke-hole Kelly and one other fireman shovelled spasmodically, and beguiled the intervals with song. The song which they sang was shockingly impolite in sentiment, but it went merrily to the tune of a well-known hymn, and afforded them much delight.

Neither was aware that the engineer on watch was nodding sleepily in his engine-room, utterly oblivious to the fact that the boiler feed-pump had ceased operations, and that the water had already sunk out of sight in the gauges.

Kelly's "mate," still singing, had jerked open the furnace door, and was in the act of flinging in a shovelful of coal when disaster came, instantaneous and appalling.

The fusible "safety" plug in the furnace-crown melted, and in a moment the stoke-hole was a little hell of scalding steam and flying cinders.

As luck would have it, Kelly at the moment was standing as far from the furnace door as the limits of the stoke-hole permitted. With a terrified oath, he rushed for the ladder. But half-way up it, he paused and looked back, and at that instant, a scream of awful agony came up from the seething inferno below.

In the whole of Kelly's life there had been not a single elevating influence. His childhood had been passed in an atmosphere redolent of beer-fumes and blasphemy. Through boyhood to manhood he had fought his way alone, crushed and overwhelmed by the awful hopelessness of his class. Everyone's hand was against him. Man, woman, and child looked askance at such as he.

But when the call came to a supreme self-sacrifice, the debased, demoralised outcast flung off the shackles of his past, and stood forth—a man.

Without a moment's hesitation, when the cry of the poor tortured fellow below came to his ears, Kelly turned and scrambled downwards.

The scalding vapour seemed to tear the very flesh from his bones. Blinded, burned, gasping, he groped through the hideous welter, searching for his "mate."

A groan of agony burst from his lips. How long would he be able to hold out? Would that awful, vibrating roar of the escaping steam never cease?

At last his hands came in contact with that for which he searched. Scarcely knowing what he did, delirious with maddening pain, Kelly tried to drag the body of his "mate" to the ladder-foot.

But flesh and blood must surrender at last. The end came suddenly. Stumbling over the handle of a coal-rake, Kelly tottered and pitched forward headlong.

He struggled to rise, game to the very last, then lay still upon the hot, wet plating. Five minutes later the tremulous boom of the escaping steam died into silence, and rescuers arrived upon the scene—too late.

The drunken, brutalised son of the slums had died an awful death for the friend he could not save.

Who shall say that, when that hero spirit went forth into the night, no angel guide waited in the starry silence with outstretched hand, and a smiling "Well done!" upon his lips?

THE ISLE OF AVES

A REVERIE.

You smoke your pipe in the twilight till the curling, fleeting wreaths grow vaguer, and the darkling sky is deepening outside your open door. Down the road there is the sound of someone playing—

"Just a song at twilight
When the lights are low,
And the—"

You finish the verse and hum it to yourself. Your day's toil is over, and sometimes you've missed your friends. Well, a moment to yourself is, perhaps, something good.

The song is dying down. It is nearly dark, with the grey hanging festooned over the deepening blue.

A truce to the battle of the day, let night lay its softness upon you. You smoke on, watching the wreaths of misty lilac-grey through half-closed eyes—and thus you may look upon the Pleasant Isle, for the pleasant things of life, you know, make little islands surrounded by the sea of Care. . . . Remember that there is no discordant note to sound, nothing to disturb you. . . . Thus, dreamily, you may drift in the enchanted boat that bears you to the Pleasant Isle, safely over the sea of Care.

ACCORDING TO YOUR WISH.

"Click!" Like a shutter on a darkened window suddenly flying up to the top and letting in a flood of light. Look, and you may see what you wish, for you make you own Pleasant Isle exactly what you would like it to be.

Who is that chap sitting in the sun, smoking a familiar-looking briar and looking generally pleased with himself? Why, you've seen those features many times in your shaving-glass. Of course, it is Yourself-as-you-ought-to-be.

And, there, you don't seem to be a bad sort of idiot. You seem to be like the Jovial Monk, contented with your lot.

Not that you ever were, in point of actual fact. You never found a great deal to be contented with. The trouble was greatly due to that man Jimson.

Jimson, somehow, always managed to thwart you by accident or design. Probably design. Whenever you wanted to do anything, Jimson had set his heart upon something else, which wasn't friendly of him. When you wanted to spend Sunday on the upper reaches of the Thames, Jimson was invariably set on a half-crown trip to Southend. Now if he would only——

Why, yes, Jimson has come up to speak to you, and he, too, is on the Pleasant Isle. It is obvious you are suggesting a drink at the nearest quiet hostelry.

FRIENDSHIP ALL ROUND.

Of course, Jimson will announce his sudden firm adherence to the temperance cause . . . and you haven't cursed him as you usually do. You have handed him your pouch, and from it he has taken a fill of tobacco. (Why are the bowls of Jimson's pipes always so huge?)

You are smoking on peacefully, your pipes reeking friendship. You are leaning back contentedly on the strand of that Pleasant Isle, and, plainly enough, suggesting that Jimson should play singles at tennis all next Saturday afternoon with your best girl—a thing it is usually your habit to detest.

Jimson, of course, undoubtedly is a fine-looking chap in flannels, but, well—modesty forbids you to compare him with yourself when it comes to real dressiness—and he has large and heavy feet.

But Jimson, after all, is, perhaps, right sometimes evenwhen you strain the bonds of friendship by contradicting him. He is a good man, a strong man in more than muscle. Good old Jimson. . . . His intentions, of course, are good, even if his ideas are small. But he hasn't got your taste in him, nor your notion of just what is good. He ought to see You-as-you-would-like-to-be; that would open his eyes . . . and there you are!

Wonderful how quickly the scene can change on the Isle where castles in Spain are material things. Yes; that was just your style—and, really, it was no end fetching. It was precisely how graceful you *would* look lounging in the back of a great luxurious motor-car, with the clock on your silken hose (one guinea per pair) showing unobtrusively but effectively.

TEMPORARY GLORY.

Your chauffeur, you noticed, was wearing your livery, well-known in the exclusive West, and a feature of the smartest turn-out that ever went to Ranelagh.

Naturally the polished doors that opened into the tonneau were ornamented with your family crest. (These things can easily be obtained from any enterprising firm of die-sinkers.)

At a distance yours looked something like an *oyster somnolent*, and although you couldn't read the motto you hoped it was *Semper Idem*—"Always the same."

Gad! there was something smart in the car with you, too—at least, all you could see of her looked smart, and that was mostly hat, of course. . . . [Now, Jimson's idea of luxury was a table d'hôte dinner at an Oxford Street restaurant. Coarse, material man, Jimson, with no soul higher than his third waistcoat button.]

A PLEASING DREAM.

You draw up in great style outside a palatial mansion—Knightsbridge way. Wearily, you leave cards on the de Montmorencys. [Jimson, uncultured idiot, would probably have had the temerity to present himself at the door on the ground that it was more friendly. . . . Worst of Jimson, he was always wanting to inflict his personal company on someone, and, of course, they did not bore each other in this manner in the really smart set.]

What is that beastly tune running in your head?—

"If I had but a thousand a year."

The smoke-wreaths are forming again, and through your half-closed eyes you see Yourself-as-you-will-be—if you are lucky enough to tap the boss for a rise and the fair Nora's severe mother will withdraw her objection to the too-affectionate-looking snapshot taken of yourselves caught in the act of—well, never mind. Small sisters with cameras are occasionally a nuisance.

Now, that really looks well. . . . It's quiet and smacks rather of home, sweet home, but still, it is what a man works for, and works hard.

It is only a darkened room with the fire flickering brightly in the grate.

Then the door of the room opens and lets in a stream of light from the hall. There is a laugh, and a hurried husband-and-wifely kiss.

What a decent-looking chap! Of course, it is *you*.

And it is a happy scene. She is asking you all you have done to-day in the City, and you are lying like smoke—an accomplishment of yours.

Gad! Your pipe has gone out and the room is in darkness. About time you went and joined the others at the club-house. You're damnably late.

S. B. WORSFOLD.

BELL-RINGERS' SKILL.

AN IMPRESSION OF A SEASONABLE PASTIME.

There is hardly a church tower in town or country that boasts a peal of bells that will not be busy this Christmas time and at the New Year "ringing out the old and ringing in the new." During the last night of the year from thousands of steeples and towers all over the land the peal rings out from belfries that give no other sign of life than the constant reiteration of the bells, and, perhaps, a gleam of light piercing the black night through a tiny window slit in the ringers' loft.

But within those towers and steeples there is called forth an unsuspected amount of trained skill of ear, eye, hand, and arm, all of which go to make the perfect bell-ringer.

When the uninitiated hear the pealing bells they are apt to think of bell-ringing as the simplest and most monotonous of occupations, requiring nothing but a little brute force by which a man can pull or jerk at a rope hard enough to make the great bell "speak."

But the truth is that no man who has not practised most carefully, and through a long apprenticeship, can hope to achieve success as a ringer, and be taken into comradeship by the fraternity of the "sally."

The error is usually the result of ignorance of the difference between bells that are merely chimed and those that are rung.

In the first case there is only sufficient pull exerted on the bells to make the great clapper touch the thick sounding lip of the bell, and a very slight swing accomplishes this.

But in the case of ringing, the whole mighty mass of bell metal, often weighing anything from three hundredweight to a couple of tons, is made to swing in a complete circle, which ends when the bell is upturned in the air.

To ring a peal of five, six, seven, or eight bells requires great skill. Each man must have his strength well under control, and must know how to use it.

To watch a company of bell-ringers at work is an instructive and interesting sight. The ropes, which are fixed on large wooden wheels fitted to the great stock of wood on which the bells are hung, are handled with marvellous dexterity, and a young stalwart with sleeves rolled up, keeping a 35cwt. monster in time with the others, and giving it just the right swing to carry it round in a circle until it is again poised upside down ready to be "pulled off" again, is a sight that does one good.

The chance of learning the art of bell-ringing is not offered to everyone, but if you are one of the fortunate it may be your good luck to be permitted to try your hand during your Christmas holiday, if you have been far-seeing enough to decide to spend it in a country village. If so, do not refuse the privilege—for a privilege it is.

For hours on end the company of ringers, stripped of coats and waistcoats, and with rolled sleeves, will stand at the ropes ringing innumerable changes without a hitch.

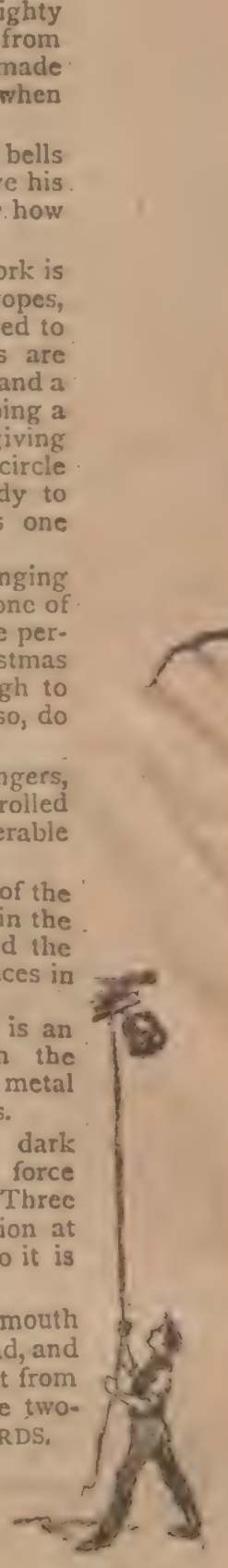
In the case of village ringers the pick of the manhood of the place can usually be found in the belfry on practice nights, for weaklings and the unsteady of nerve can never take their places in the team.

And when the peal is in full swing, it is an experience worth having to mount from the ringers' loft into the belfry to watch the metal monsters swinging on their well-oiled hinges.

The clamour is deafening. The great dark masses of the bells swing with a terrific force that warns one to keep clear of their reach. Three or four tons of metal may be in full motion at once, and the effect to one unaccustomed to it is almost terrifying.

Then of a sudden they stop, poised mouth upward, in their heavy flight round and round, and down below the ringers are wiping the sweat from brows and arms, and are passing round the two-handled mug.

C. B. EDWARDS.



A CHRISTMAS SUPPER PARTY

THE EXPERIENCE OF A BACHELOR.

It was my first attempt, and, looking back, I must say it was a creditable affair.

It's not an easy matter, mind you, for a man, living in digs with a landlady whose strong point is not her cooking, to give three or four fellows a regular Christmas blow-out. Nevertheless, I did it, and did it well, too. At the end my guests all voted it a rattling good spread and an A1 jollification.

I had a fair-sized sitting-room, and this decked out with holly and mistletoe and evergreens gave what is called a seasonable air to the usually dingy apartment.

Mrs. Screwem, otherwise "Ma," presented me with some pots of ferns to dab about the table "as was the gentry's custom." The table happily was a good-sized mahogany one.

After bargaining for a best table-cloth, and wrestling with a desire on "Ma's" part to be economical with the napkins, and so on, I ventured to inquire if she had any ideas respecting "grub."

After much cogitation she suggested "something cold to eat, something 'ot to drink, and plenty of bread-and-cheese," and retired triumphantly, before I could even anathematise her.

Left to my own resources, I pondered deeply on the *menu* question.

I am not a Crœsus. I could not hope to cut much of a dash. Nevertheless, I was anxious to give my friends as original and tasty a spread as my pocket would permit and my gastronomical taste approved of.

Finally I decided on the following dishes: A small round of cold roast beef, a couple of hot roast rabbits stuffed with sausages—my own idea this stuffing and, *entre nous*, a good one—accompanied by mashed potatoes and flanked by a glazed ox-tongue and a big pork-pie.

The hot dishes, after some persuasion, "Ma" consented to exert herself and cook for the auspicious night.

The sweets consisted of the ubiquitous plum-pudding and mince-pies—"Ma" having a heavy hand with pastry, I bought these, fearing the consequences.

By great good luck, "Ma's" daughter 'Melia being at home, she generously proffered a stunning trifle made of sponge cakes, macaroons, jam, and custard flavoured with sherry.

I also provided for the thirsty a fair variety of drinks. Whisky and *aqua pura* was mostly in demand—but for those who chose, there was fairish sherry, light ale, and coffee badly made by "Ma."

I replenished my smoker's cabinet — after duly offering up a prayer that my sitting-room chimney would behave itself and not put us out by filling the place with smoke.

I had previously had the old crock of a piano tuned, if not to concert-pitch, to a decent level, and my arrangements were complete.

The boys turned up true to time, and they greeted the appearance of my room with loud approval which extended to the bright log fire in the grate. "A regular Christmas flare-up," they called it.

I handed out drinks, and we all lighted up until "Ma's" voice should acquaint me with the fact that the rabbits were roasted "to a turn" and the potatoes were "dished."

I don't think an alderman's banquet was ever more thoroughly enjoyed than my supper, and the fellows congratulated me on my taste.

It was a howling success, for "Ma" had more than justified her title to a "cook"—"as I was afore I married Screwem."

Afterwards we spun yarns, told ghost stories, played cards, sang comic songs to a banjo, the piano, and Bill's concertina, tried our hands at shadowgraphy and a few conjuring tricks, and finally opened the window and listened to the mingled strains of some waits and the church bells, and I finally wished my guests God-speed on a doorstep covered with the snow of a real old-fashioned Christmas morning.

J. B. JONES.

MY NOTEBOOK.

CHRISTMAS STILL. Last week I gave you my Christmas greeting, for my last issue was our Christmas number.

Owing partly to custom and partly to the necessities of the trade, it is usual for Christmas numbers to be issued many weeks before the actual festival. It has always seemed to me that a Christmas number is somewhat inappropriate at the beginning of December, and I have endeavoured to correct this, as far as possible, by issuing my own Christmas number only one week in advance.

It happens that the number for which I am now writing will appear practically on Christmas Eve, and I will therefore claim your indulgence for repeating my wish that your Christmas may be a very merry one and that your New Year may be more prosperous than any that has gone before it.

A HOLIDAY HINT. From my own experience I may perhaps be allowed to make a suggestion which may be useful to you during your Christmas vacation.

It is that you ought to keep your eyes well peeled for sporting opportunities.

The Christmas holiday is too brief for a sporting programme of any magnitude, and probably the best way of spending it is taking things easy in the customary way; but, at the same time, it is wise to intermix the Christmas relaxation with a little good active outdoor sport, for sporting episodes remain as landmarks when you review the past long after such pleasures as eating and drinking are forgotten.

There are special chances at Christmas-time in the way of sport for those who take their holiday in the country.

There are ricks to be cleared of rats, and a ferret and a couple of handy terriers will give you some useful sport. There are horses to be ridden that are being deprived of their exercise through the absence or temporary laziness of their owners.

It is useless to catalogue the various opportunities in the way of sport that may be sought and found, for much depends on your own particular taste. I merely want to show you that such opportunities abound, and to advise you to avail yourself of them.

UNFAIR FIGHTING. I have received from a Preston reader a communication of more than passing interest.

He informs me that kicking, when fighting, is a very prevalent custom amongst Lancashire people, and he requests my support in the efforts that he and his fellow-troopers in the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry are making to suppress this evil.

I have never been in Lancashire long enough to see a fight, but if what my reader tells me is correct, I think it is time that all sportsmen should do what they can to put down such an abuse.

A fair, honest punch on the jaw hurts for the time, but does not permanently injure a man. A kick may make him a cripple for life—and, anyhow, this method of fighting is not English.

Personally, I can hardly believe without further evidence that kicking is really common in Lancashire, for every North Countryman I have ever met has been a thorough sportsman.

A LEAGUE EPISODE. Not content with giving me one piece of surprising information, he goes on to tell me of an unpleasant incident connected with the League. He says:

"It was a regretful pleasure, paradoxical though it may seem, that my pal and I deprived a man of his "M.M." badge.

"It happened thus. We had been working out for our firm in Manchester, and were having a stroll along Market Street last Thursday evening, when we were attracted by a crowd of people. When we got there, a man, some six feet in height, was kicking a much shorter man who was lying on the ground.

"A well-aimed blow floored the brute, and you may judge of my disgust when I saw an "M.M." badge in his tie.

"I took it off him, and shall keep it as a memento."

MY OWN COMPLICITY. I knew at the outset that badges might be secured by some who were not entitled to wear them, and I enlisted your help to maintain the sporting standard of the League.

I suggested then that where a man proved himself unworthy to be a member my friends would oblige me by taking steps to deprive him of his badge. I believe, therefore, that, in the case I have described, I have been guilty of compounding a felony, and also that I am an accessory both before and after the fact; and yet my conscience is pretty clear on the point.

I thank my Preston friend very heartily for what he has done. It is inevitable that in a League with a membership of thousands such as ours, there should be a few black sheep, and it is in the interests of all of us to get them out in double quick time.

As for that, I rely implicitly and confidently on my friends and fellow-members of the League.

WHY? You will, of course, remember the article entitled "Another Oscar Wilde Case," which appeared in this paper a couple of weeks ago. The title of that article was my poster that week, and I had the usual number of men on the streets of London exhibiting it and selling the paper.

I regret very much to say that in many cases they were ordered off by the police.

I watched the street sales very closely, and immediately adopted a counter move, into the details of which I need not go, but which effectually checkmated the arbitrary action of the police authorities.

What they did inflicted no hardship whatsoever upon me, and I saw to it also that it inflicted no hardship on the humble street salesmen from whom so many thousands of Londoners buy their copies.

The point of interest to me is that the police should have taken the course of action which they did.

The writer of that article suggested that they might, perhaps, be considered guilty of negligence in certain matters. As, however, they saw fit to do what they could to check the publicity which I gave to that exposure I am perhaps justified in putting another construction on their motives.

BOXING. In the eighth number of this paper there appeared a long article entitled "The Whole Art of Boxing." That number sold very well indeed, and I have had constant applications for it from the day of issue up to the present moment.

I was not surprised to find the article popular amongst boxing enthusiasts, for it was one of the best that I have ever read, but I am sorry to have disappointed so many who have applied for it within the past few months, for in each case I have been obliged to return their stamps, as the number is now completely out of print.

Next week I propose to start a series of articles in which the art of boxing will be made simple; it will be, in fact, a series of private lessons, and will be fully illustrated. I may add also that it will be written by the author of the previous article.

Boxing is one of my own favourite amusements, and is, I believe, one of the very best that a man can take up. I heartily recommend the sport, and I trust that the series of articles which I shall present for your perusal next week will be to your liking.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SHORT CUTS TO PROMOTION.

TIPS FOR THE TERRITORIAL WHO WANTS TO RISE FROM THE RANKS.

At Christmas time the average Territorial corps suspends all drills for a space, and if its members meet, it is usually for social rather than military purposes.

But with some individual members the rest lasts throughout the winter and the greater part of the spring. Once camp is over, their interest in Territorial work is gone until the warmer weather, or perhaps an Easter or a Whitsun training infuses new life into the corps.

Such men are not those who are singled out for promotion. The company officer and the regimental sergeant-major, on whom most of the winter work falls, and whose recommendation is therefore valuable, are always on the look-out for the man whose keenness can last the whole year round, and who, though he may not appear at every drill, at least turns up to a fair percentage and at regular intervals.

It is in the winter months that a man has the opportunity of getting a knowledge of the more theoretical side of military work. He can study his drill-book and perfect his knowledge of foot-drill.

It is a great advantage if two or more friends can work together, and puzzle out problems of drill by means of matches on a table or "skeleton drill" with tapes. Also, it is a very different thing to think out the correct command in your own mind and to rap it out smartly before others.

A very little work at the drill-book should enable you to get a drill-certificate at the next examination, and this gives a man every chance of promotion from the ranks on the next vacancy occurring.

Another thing that tells considerably in a man's favour where promotion is concerned is his personal smartness. He must always be turned out like a new pin when he is in uniform and be well groomed at all times. And he must carry himself well and have his wits about him.

A man only becomes an N.C.O. by merit, and he is to be the model to succeeding generations of recruits.

If promotion in the ordinary way is slow, you cannot do better than specialise in some branch or other of Territorial work. Take up signalling, or ambulance work, or join the machine-gun section, for a man who is efficient in some or all of the side issues of military work has increased his value to the corps enormously, and unless he is in one of those corps where most men do these things as a matter of course, he is fairly certain of a stripe.

The keen man will also make himself efficient in field-sketching and tactical work. The conditions of Territorial service make it impossible for every man to be taught as much of this by means of lectures and practical work as is necessary to the making of an efficient soldier.

If he wants to make himself a capable leader of men in the field, therefore, the private or trooper must add to his knowledge by means of the various Army manuals. "Combined Training" is not only useful, but for the most part extremely interesting reading to anyone who is keen on military matters, and it only costs a shilling.

To know how to draw a rough sketch map with the proper signs and to draw up a report in the correct form is a great recommendation to a man who is anxious to advance.

For those who can spare the time there are courses of instruction available, which ensure an excellent holiday and a taste of the Regular soldier's life. The man who intimates his desire to attend one of these courses is almost sure of at least temporary promotion and the practical knowledge he will gain will be a strong recommendation for his permanent inclusion in the ranks of the N.C.O.'s.

Lastly, the man who wants to rise from the ranks will never shirk a duty, however objectionable it may be. He will perform it first and complain afterwards.

M. H. ALLAN.

MAGISTRATE: "How comes it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night?"

PRISONER: "Why, your worship, the other time you reproached me for stealing in broad daylight. Ain't I to be allowed to work at all?"

* * *

"If you didn't take so much interest in horses you would be better off," snapped Mrs. Growler. "You have had horses on your brain all your life."

"I suppose that is how I happened to marry a nag," retorted Mr. Growler, his face ambuscaded behind the sporting paper.

* * *

DOORKEEPER (at the musical comedy): "Don't you want to come back?"

VICTIM: "No."

DOORKEEPER: "Well, take this pass-check, anyway. You can hand it to some chap outside."

VICTIM: "My dear fellow, I haven't an enemy in the world."

* * *

GUIDE: "This is the famous place of the twenty-four echoes, and last year a gentleman who heard them suddenly went mad."

LADY TOURIST: "How did that happen?"

GUIDE: "His mother-in-law called out to him, and when he heard twenty-four mothers-in-law at the same time it was too much for him."

* * *

"Do you like a brass band?" he asked, as they were listening to the music in the park.

"Oh, yes," she said; "a brass band is very nice, but I think I would rather have a gold one."

* * *

"Now, look here, young man," said the editor to the young reporter, "when you're writing these paragraphs you must always say 'alleged,' else you'll soon get us into serious trouble."

So when the young reporter was sent to do a concert that evening he wrote:

"Mr. Brown, the alleged tenor, sang an alleged song, and duly responded to an alleged encore."

* * *

"I understand you stood for a whole hour in the doorway last night talking to a policeman, Biddy?"

"Shure, you wouldn't have me shtand there for an hour and say nothin', ma'am?"

* * *

HOUSEKEEPER: "What are you?"

TRAMP: "Madam, I am an after-dinner speaker."

* * *

"I want you children to go to my lecture to-night," remarked a professor to the young members of his family.

"Couldn't you whip us instead just this once, father?" said one of them.

* * *

A young subaltern was passing the sentry-box. The sentry abruptly halted, sloped arms, and came to the "present."

The young officer was pleased, but remarked:

"Sentry, I'm not entitled to this compliment."

"I know you're not," replied the sentry, "but I thought you were good enough to practise on."

"And now, my son," said the bank manager, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought on you. Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best."

"Yes, father," said the young man.

"And, by the way," appended the greybeard, "I would urge you to read up a little Common Law. It will amaze you to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest."

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Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

MY PURPOSE.

A correspondent observes that physical culture is hardly suited to the business man who is hard at work all day. The demand on his energy, he says, is too great, and it is too much of the nature of labour.

My purpose in these columns has always been to give exercises which will provide relaxation for the man who is working with his brain all day. Even to concentrate the mind on something quite different from your daily work is in itself a form of relaxation.

FOR ARMS AND CHEST.

Stand erect with the heels together, raise the arms until they are horizontal and in line with the shoulders; then bend the arms inwards from the elbow so that the knuckles are against the chest, the fists clenched, and the fingers outwards.

A novel arm exercise.

The hands should just touch each other in the centre of the chest.

Now draw the backs of the hands along the chest until they reach the armpits, at the same time letting the elbows move backwards without being lowered and expanding the chest to its fullest extent.

Keeping the chest expanded, and without moving the upper arms, bring the forearms round until the arms are straight and extended horizontally, but with the back of the hands to the front and the fists still clenched.

Then, without pausing, return the arms by a similar motion until the backs of the fists return to the armpits, and contract the chest while you bring the fists together again.

This is an excellent developer for the chest and for the shoulder and upper-arm muscles, and a good suppling exercise as well.

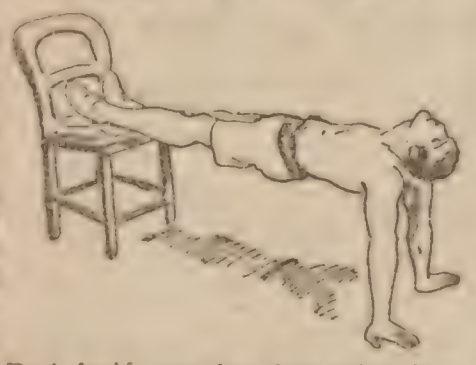
FOR THE ABDOMINAL AND ARM MUSCLES.

Sit upon the ground and place a chair in such a position that you can just get your heels on the seat while still sitting on the ground.

Then plant the hands on the ground well behind you, with the wrists to the front.

Now straighten the body by means of the abdominal and upper-arm muscles, throwing the head back and keeping body and legs absolutely rigid.

Pause there for a few moments, and then sink to the starting position, lowering the body as gradually as possible, and not letting yourself down with a bump.



Don't do this more than three or four times on end.

As you approach the horizontal, the strain on the biceps and triceps will be considerable, and as a developer for these muscles this exercise is almost unequalled.

EXERCISE CONSISTENTLY

There are many men who are keen athletes only when their own favourite game is in season, and who have no great interest in sport generally or in taking exercise for the sake of exercise.

The keen cricketer or tennis-player, for instance, or perhaps the rowing man, will indulge vigorously in his favourite pastime during the summer, but during the winter, since he has no particular interest in football or golf or any of the other games that are then possible, he will let himself go and merely look forward to the summer again.

He gets "soft" and out of condition, as is natural, since his body has been accustomed to hard and vigorous exercise for a season and is then suddenly denied this outlet for energy. The effect cannot fail to be injurious. It is as if a man by means of physical culture developed enormous muscles and then suddenly ceased to exercise. The muscles turn to fat, and the heart suffers in a way that could not happen if the strenuous exercise were dropped gradually.

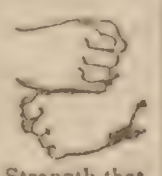
The man whose interest in active sport is confined to one part of the year should not fail to go in for physical exercises of some sort during the "close season."

A "STRONG MAN" TRICK.

This little feat is dependent rather on a curious fact of nature than any sort of trick, but it is none the less effective when "parlour tricks" form part of the programme on a winter evening.

If none of your companions know the trick, place your closed fists one on the top of the other in front of your body, and challenge them to pull them apart by pulling the right hand to the right and the left hand to the left.

By a steady pressure this cannot be done, and it does not require any great strength of arm to keep the hands together, even though a rope be hitched to each arm and several men pull on each side—so long as it is a straight and steady pull.



Strength that every man possesses.

If anybody challenges you, however, to remove his hands when they are in this position, it is easily done with two fingers by giving the left hand a smart tap to the left with one forefinger, while the right hand is knocked to the right by the other.

The would-be strong man is thus easily discomfited, unless he happens to be up to the dodge of grasping the thumb of the lower fist in the palm of the upper.

If he does that, you can tap as much as you like, but will probably only hurt your fingers.

A variation of the trick is to keep the hands open and bring them in front of the waist with just the tips of the middle fingers touching. Even then no one can separate them by steady pressure to left and right, and it is impossible to strike them in that direction.

MARKETING ABILITY.

Generally speaking, the delicate work of Marketing Ability can be best left to Hapgoods. One side of our large Organisation is devoted to this work—the other being devoted to the finding of Men of Special Ability for Employers. We deal only with High-Grade Men capable of filling positions carrying salaries of £150 to £1,000 per annum. If you are such a man, write us to-day.

HAPGOODS, Ltd., 163-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
(Registered in Guernsey.) Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

FOR THE DOGGY MAN.

SOME GENERAL HINTS.

In washing a large dog, if he is at all savage, or if he be in the slightest degree nervous of the operation, and therefore liable to snap during the performance, it is best to muzzle him.

It is quite unnecessary for two people to perform the order of the bath, as a large dog such as a Borzoi or Great Dane can be attached by a chain or a strap to a hook either in the stable yard or kennel.

There are many good dog soaps advertised, but personally I never wash my dogs with soap, and I have kept all breeds—big and little.

When I have to wash a dog—let us say a Scotch collie, for example—I proceed as follows:

I fill a large galvanised bath full of lukewarm water, to which I add a small cupful of paraffin oil. Then I put the dog in, or, if you choose, he can stand beside it, and with a brush or a large sponge I work it in all over him, making sure that the water reaches the skin. Then, after allowing him to shake off the surplus water, I rub him as dry as possible and take him for a run.

On return I brush him well.

The oil makes the skin as white and clean as possible, destroys all parasites, and makes the hair delightfully glossy and absolutely free from any doggy smell which so many soaps fail to remove.

It also obviates the necessity of washing a dog so frequently.

This recipe, which was given me by a most successful collie-breeder, I have always used both on long-haired dogs and short-coated ones, and always with splendid results.

Dogs that are not allowed much exercise frequently suffer from overgrown claws, which, if neglected, cause much suffering. They are constantly catching in rugs, and, being broken or otherwise injured, induce lameness.

It is impossible to cut these back with ordinary scissors, but a pair of nail-cutters or pliers for dogs can be purchased for half a crown from those firms that make dog appliances, and they should find a place in every kennel.

If the paw is held up to the light, a thin red line can be seen in the nail. Cut just below this and no bleeding will follow.

Many owners insist on their dogs always keeping to heel; this is rather a sore trial to a dog, as naturally he likes to bound on in front. As long as he keeps just a yard or so in front and behaves himself, I never trouble to interfere with him, but order him to heel only as a punishment—the dog soon realises this—while being put on the lead and so taken home is a most dire misfortune and deterrent.

Nevertheless a light leather lead should always be carried in the pocket.

It is as well to examine the ears of dogs occasionally, especially spaniels, as dogs which enter water freely often suffer from canker. This is always to be suspected when the dog shakes his head and frequently paws at his ears.

In severe cases it is as well to take him to a vet. But incipient canker can often be cured by putting in the ears a pinch of boraric acid powder.

Dogs can be broken of most bad habits, but the one I have found always incurable is that which is not uncommonly found among collies. I allude to the dangerous and most unpleasant vice of rushing out and barking at all moving traffic, whether it be cyclists or traps, or even ordinary carts.

Sometimes the mere crack of a carter's whip is sufficient to excite such dogs to fury. Off they rush, barking madly, and, after following the terrified horse out of sight, come back to their ashamed owner ready to repeat the offence perhaps a dozen times in a half-hour's walk.

All modes of correction are absolutely useless, and the dog, unless got rid of, will continue his reprehensible conduct until the end—a danger to the public and an unmitigated nuisance and expense to his unfortunate owner.

The only advice which can be given is to take him out on a lead and only loose him in unfrequented ways.

T. F. BARCLAY.

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BY THE
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

WE HAVE INNUMERABLE IMITATORS. They imitate our stationery. They seem to imitate our methods. They imitate us in unimportant things. But on the point that is of supreme importance—the amount paid away—they are silent. They are the laths painted to look like granite. We recognise our duty to the public. We keep the public informed every week of the amount paid away to clients.

We Make Profits for Clients.

Below are particulars of a few clients' accounts. They are samples of the results which practical people look for in business. They have built up our business, and these results will continue to build up our business in the interest of modern men.

	£		£		£		£
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FC	208	JAB	628	JW	1,066	GG	158
CS	761	WD	317	WP	384	AEG	331
HH	880	WRMC	227	HV	314	JJW	250
WA McM	605	AF	441	JC	497	HAT	210
EMHH	169	SFG	174	CG	865	WWT	197
FF	231	JS	1,221	GH	425	SH	197
WDC	257	PM	312	EW	195	JWM	242
GS	314	WM	374	CP	157	WJG	771
AC	300	SP	151	HB	127	RAS	630
HCR	186	JAP	149	RM	244	Mrs EMS	482
HW	171	WH	615	HN	196	MAWT	506
JWP	231	AB	2,155	SAR	869	AEB	592
JP	488	JD	945	JAR	82	WNA	978
JAW	188	GW	234	OMW	1,053	JEM	146
HHGA	156	JB	703	WAB	134	HEW	61
JH	938	RJC	1,134	JD	152	WT	881
LM	256	JL	759	HG	143	JT	211

For every cheque in the book there has been a recipient, and every recipient is a client. Three facts identify each cheque—the no., the initials, and the amount—and the particulars of 14,000 to 15,000 cheques packed into the 40 pages of the book are the most eloquent reason any practical man or woman could have for writing us.

So Take Your Pen and Fill Up This Form ☛

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Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques totalling £310,240, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

M.M.
41.

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(Please write distinctly.)
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SPECIAL OFFER TO MEMBERS

OF

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

7½ per cent. Reduction on all Goods.

What Messrs. Ellis Will Do.

Messrs. J. and H. Ellis, the well-known tailors, have agreed to allow 7½ per cent. discount on all their prices to Members of "The Modern Man" League.

It will be remembered that it was Messrs. Ellis who so successfully produced "The Modern Man" Territorial Mufti Suit; and they are also celebrated for the fact that they have made clothes for H.M. the King.

To secure the benefit of the 7½ per cent. reduction it is necessary for Members to show or send their badges; in the latter case Messrs. Ellis guarantee their return without injury.

Overcoat in this style, 50s.

Getting Clothes by Post.

To every applicant Messrs. Ellis will forward a range of patterns and an illustrated catalogue of the latest fashions, free of all cost.

There is no obligation for you either to buy from them or to return the patterns; they rely on the quality of their goods and workmanship to secure your order.

If any clothes made by them do not give you entire satisfaction, Messrs. Ellis will return your money in full, without question or argument.

They guarantee a perfect fit by post.

Lounge Suit, 50s.

Application Form for Free Patterns, Self-measurement Form, and Catalogue of Fashions.

Please send me, post free, a copy of your latest catalogue, and also a range of patterns. (State whether the patterns are to be of overcoat, lounge suit, riding-breeches, or dress-suit materials.) The patterns are to be of ..... materials.

It is to be understood that you allow me 7½ per cent. reduction on your usual prices, as I am a Member of THE MODERN MAN League.

Name .....

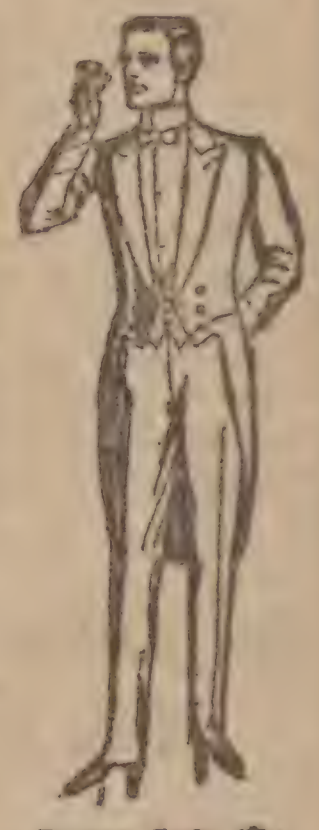
Address .....

Cut out this Form, fill it in, and post it to

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner Should Make a Point of Calling.



Dress Suit, 63s.

interfere with your pleasure, gentlemen. It will, perhaps, be better that we forget all about it till it come."

Ferris nudged me with his knee, as if to bring to my notice that the German was in a state of suppressed excitement. It is not given to everybody to own a jewel worth anything over a million pounds, and I could easily understand our host's anxiety both to see it and display it.

Several courses had been served and conversation was general when a door at the farther end of the room opened and a waiter approached Vonderberger and spoke to him in an undertone. I set my teeth involuntarily in the momentary hush.

Then our host, with an admirable absence of emotion from his voice, suggested that we should finish our dinner before the famous Innismallah was brought in.

Ferris was the first to object.

"Not another morsel," said he. "It isn't likely. I'm all agog with excitement."

"Yes, let's have it in," said several, and with a short laugh Vonderberger left the table and the room. It is safe to say that all eyes were upon him when he reappeared in the doorway carrying a small steel-bound casket in his hands.

In silence he returned to his seat, placed the casket on the table in front of him, and with much deliberation proceeded to unlock the padlocks which held it secure and the central lock.

Ferris stood up and leaned over, resting his weight on his arms. Most of the other men were in a like position, watching intently.

Vonderberger, whose hands trembled slightly, pushed back the lid on its hinges, and there, reposing on white satin, sparkling and iridescent, was the Innismallah.

"By Jove!" said Ferris, softly.

The German picked it up, examined it carefully, then replaced it with a long sigh.

"There it is, gentlemen," he said, and sat down. It occurred to me that he could not trust himself to say more.

His guests crowded round to inspect it more closely, but not one ventured to touch it, until Ferris, leaning farther over, said "May I?" and took up the diamond in delicate fingers.

"Ripping, isn't it, Burke?" he said, handing it to me, and at the naturalness of his enthusiastic appreciation my uneasiness vanished.

The jewel was passed round, each one exclaiming upon it in various terms, and then, when it was once more in the casket, blazing for all to look upon, the meal was resumed in an atmosphere of animated gaiety.

We toasted the diamond and we toasted our host. There were several merry little speeches, Ferris's being the merriest of the lot.

Then we repaired to a private smoking-room, Vonderberger bearing the casket with him and depositing it on a small table beneath the chandelier, where the rays from the electric light might enhance its brilliance.

We stood around with our coffee and liqueurs discussing it incessantly, while Vonderberger beamed.

The awe inspired by the initial sight of the jewel had now disappeared, and it was rarely still, first one and the other handling it, as though the holding of a million in the palm of the hand gave the holder unique satisfaction.

At length our host announced that the lapidary and the detectives were waiting to take the diamond to the National Deposit strong-rooms, and each took a final and evidently reluctant farewell of it. Ferris was the last to receive it, and in a fit of boyish exuberance he pretended to pitch it to Vonderberger, who was waiting with the casket in his hand.

"Here you are! Catch!" he cried.

The German gasped, and Ferris with a low laugh, placed the gem on its satin cushion.

The lid was shut down, locked and treble locked; our host went away, returned, and shortly, afterwards a reaction to *ennui* setting in, the party broke up.

Ferris declined an invitation from a mutual friend to the club, and we took a taxi-cab home.

A mood of taciturnity seemed to have settled over him, for he only responded with monosyllables to my remarks until we reached his rooms.

Then he kicked the fire into a blaze, threw his Inverness on to a chair, and stretched himself inelegantly.

"Heigho, the weariness of life!" said he, and I caught him regarding me quizzically from beneath arched brows. "You're looking glum, Burke," he added.

I denied it, though it is true that my sensations were mixed.

"Confess now," he went on, shrewdly. "You were disappointed that nothing happened to-night."

"It was a wonderful diamond," I admitted, sitting down with a fair show of indifference.

"And a shame for our Teutonic friend to use it for motives of self-interest? Ah! The wiles of diplomacy are passing strange. By Jove!" he chuckled. "Didn't the beggar have a fright when he thought I was taking liberties with it! Have a cigarette and cheer up, or I shall begin to think you wish you had taken the diamond yourself."

"Myself!" I echoed, wondering at his sly smile. "I was in a funk all the evening thinking *you* were going to take it."

"My dear Burke," he replied, shaking his head reprovingly, "I was aware of it all the time. I only hope to goodness nobody else noticed your anxiety."

I was on my feet by now, drawn by his taunting smile.

"You haven't got it?" I cried.

He watched me mischievously for a moment, then turned unexpectedly and seated himself at the piano.

"That little air I composed," said he. "You wanted to hear it. Listen!"

A rippling sequence of notes, then the maddest, merriest melody broke forth, like the jigging of a horde of imps. It gathered speed until the effect was almost frenzied, ended with a chord sudden as a shot in the dark, and Ferris was round, laughing at me.

Then, even while the spell of the fantastic melody remained, my eyes, fascinated, watched his hand travel up to his waistcoat pocket, and bring out—the Innismallah diamond.

* * * * * * *

"The one inconvenience of pink diamonds," explained Ferris, over whisky-and-soda and cigarettes, "is that by electric light they strongly resemble topaz. Their sparkle is superior, I admit, but the German, as well as the rest of you, were rather flurried at the last moment."

"But the risk!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"None whatever. At the least hint of suspicion I should have seized the pseudo-diamond and have been scrutinising the real one beneath the friendly light. A mere matter of exchange, my dear old chap. I am almost ashamed of the simplicity of the trick. The only difficulty was to choose the right moment."

"But when it is discovered?"

"We shall share the general astonishment, and be prepared to add our conviction that the stone was unquestionably genuine when we had the privilege of viewing it."

"What a state Vonderberger will be in, to be sure!"

And the unprincipled villain chuckled once more.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE NEED OF THE MOMENT.

There is something you feel you need. Possibly it is not really necessary, but you *feel* you want it, and that is enough.

You want to get it soon, and you don't want it to cost you more than you can afford to pay.

The way to get it on the right terms is to advertise for it in our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page.

YES

Yes Sir, we have it. The very thing you are looking for. You need not go farther. If you seek Good Secondhand Furniture—really High-Grade Goods—that looks well, wears well, and costs little, you will find "London's Largest" at "Furniture Town." Cash or Credit.

It Sets You Thinking, Doesn't It?

This——

If you have £20 to spend and want £30 worth of Furniture, how's it to be done? We solve the problem.—Come to Furniture Town.—The reason we can do it is thus—we are large Removal and Warehousing Contractors, and are constantly having placed with us huge consignments of Superior Secondhand Furniture for immediate disposal, and rare Bargains can be secured. Cash or Credit.

High-Grade Secondhand Furniture

is far preferable to shoddy new goods. The high quality of the goods we offer and the extremely low prices convince you. Drawing Room Suites £3 15s.; Bedroom Suites £2 10s.; Dining Room Suites £4 10s.; Bedsteads and Bedding 25s. Anything and everything in immense variety. Pictures, Books, Bed and Table Linen, Cutlery, etc. Thousands of Bargains for Cash, or £5 worth 1s. weekly, £10 worth 2s. weekly, £15 worth 3s. weekly, £20 worth 4s. weekly, £30 worth 5s. weekly.

Country Orders carriage paid. London deliveries daily. Call or write for Depository List, Sketches, and Specification by return mail.

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REMOVAL ESTIMATES FREE.

On the Road

A SKETCH.

The commercial traveller is very much like the Jew. You find him in all places. There are many varieties of him, and he turns up in all manner of unexpected districts.

If you know him but slightly, it is more than likely that you will detest him. Get acquainted with him thoroughly, and you will find that he is a cheerful spirit, and perfectly willing to become a boon companion to any fellow-creature anywhere, providing always that he is "all right," and (wise man!) "appearances" are no qualification with him.

Now, I have met the Man on the Road in divers places, travelling in all kinds of "lines." Aforetime I have managed to break down the "commercial room" reserve of several of his kind. It has stood me in good stead on countless occasions.

"You know Jimmy Smith — Messrs. Blaydon's North-Country man? And Raikes of Wivenhoe's? Knocked up against 'em in Doncaster? Well, well! How are *they* finding things? Sit down, sir. Sit down, and let's have something to keep out the cold!"—the Man on the Road rubs his hands delightedly.

"For lack of a better introduction here's my card, sir. Any friend of Smith and Raikes is more than a friend of mine. Your very good health, sir!"

THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF "SIR."

Mr. Brown—names are of no consequence—smiles benignly.

Always remember that the commercial's "sir" is different to all other "sirs."

It is neither servile nor forbidding. It is just appropriate. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who formed his judgment of a woman by the manner in which she said "How." If you have any instinct you can pick out a commercial traveller by his distinctive "Sir." It has a levelling influence, but it puts you upon good terms all the same. You can speak to this man without reserve.

Because he has "seen round" you will find him more than merely interesting.

The railroads of England know him, and the porters accord to him the respect that falls to no other man short of the first-class fare, from whom a big tip is expected (and but rarely obtained).

PASSING HOSPITALITY.

You are welcome to the perusal of the papers he buys, and if, during the cold weather, there is a "nip" in his flask, you are politely, but firmly, requested to share it with him.

The Road, you see, teaches him the first rule of travelling, which is courtesy to your fellow-man, because you never know when you may have need of him, nor where you are likely to come into contact with him again.

The Road, to him, means more than his living. It has its elements of romance.

Mid-week nights will perhaps find him grumpy, in the armchair by the commercial room fire. If you sound him on the subject, you may draw from him an uncomplimentary remark upon travelling generally. He may sprinkle a few scathing adjectives over the shopkeepers, find fault with the hotel's cuisine, or curse the local luggage porters.

For all that, to plank him down in any given place for any length of time would be equivalent to asking a gambler to give up cards.

The commercial has the country at large to play with and men to conquer in the shape of tradesmen with the omnipresent "Not to-day, thank you."

He gets a zest for the game, and can weigh up a customer to an ounce. He learns how to turn the waverer and nip in at the right moment with his winning thrust—his "leading line."

BATTLES OF COMMERCE.

Harder battles are won in these days in commercial competition than on the gory "fields" of old, and, correspondingly, the trade-won title has taken the place of the battle-gained honour. But all is not fair in trade—as in war. Your Knight of the Road has to fight on less than his merits. It is a so-did comparison perhaps—but he has his "repeat order" to think about.

You tumble into him in the luxurious lounge of a big town's hotel, or holding forth on the depression in trade to village oracles in brick-floored bars. He is equally at home in both places because he knows men.

He sets out on Monday morning from his suburban home as fresh as the proverbial new button, and however the "luck" goes you will see him on the provincial station on Friday night looking precisely the same.

There is the rumble of an approaching train . . . and you may catch a contented smile lighting his cheery face.

"Fast to London!" the porters cry.

It means Wife and Home to him—dear, indeed (on Friday nights), to the Man on the Road.

GEORGE M. NORMAN.

A Great Xmas Offer!

Don't Miss it!

If you smoke Cigarettes with this Trade Mark on the box, then you have the best value that money can buy. In order that you may do so, we are offering our

"LEXOR"

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

POST FREE for 2/3 per 100.

With which we will send you Samples **free** of cost of 4 other Brands.

Thus you obtain direct from the makers at Wholesale Prices. "Lexors" are always fresh. **Guaranteed absolutely pure, and are hand-made.** Secure a box now, and enclose Coupon with

2/3

(P.O. or stamps).

TEAR HERE.

SPECIAL COUPON.

To ALEXANDER, ORR & Co., 24, Southwark St., London.

Dear Sirs,—I enclose 2/3 herewith for one box of 100 "Lexor" Virginia Cigarettes, and free Samples of 4 other brands, and please send me particulars of other brands.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

M.M. Tel. No. Ho 2812

FOR EVERY SPORTSMAN'S DEN.

At the request of many readers we have had prepared a limited number of reproductions of Mr. Stanley L. Wood's famous poster, printed on the finest art paper.

The size of these reproductions is 25½ inches in height by 19½ inches in width.

They are beautifully finished, and are eminently suitable for framing.

The price is 1s., post free. The pictures will be sent out in cardboard tubes to prevent creasing.

All applications must be addressed to the Art Department, "The Modern Man" Offices, Westinghouse Buildings, Strand, London.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. D. (Hinckley).—Glad to hear we've helped you to pull yourself together; but less thanks, please. Good luck to you—and her!

Mr. G. STAVES, "Barden," Whitchurch Road, Catheys, Cardiff, wants to know whether any Cardiff League Members would care to get up a party for a tramp into the country on Christmas morning. Those who are keen for a ramble should write to him. Don't forget to drink our health.

J. W. J. (Lampeter).—Never heard of the firm. Christy's would suit better; but why not advertise in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page?

W. H. (Demerara).—We envy you when you say you spend almost all day in the saddle, but we are a little doubtful when you add that it is mules you ride. A Merry Christmas to you and the seven other Englishmen on the estate!

C. H. (Bayswater).—Thanks for putting the photo in your den. Just imagine for a moment that one of our hands leaves the horse's bridle and shakes your fist.

G. S. (Watford).—You can buy THE MODERN MAN at every newsagent's shop in Canada; we have seen to that.

W. E. (Llanelly).—Horse-riding certainly tends to correct knock knees, but consult your doctor.

Mr. G. NOONAN, 14, Ruston Mews, St. Mark Road, North Kensington, is willing to teach free of charge any League Member who wishes to take up swimming, diving, or cycling, provided the aspirant can arrange convenient times. We commend this sporting offer as an example to others.

J. P. (Tamworth).—You will find charts dealing with the anatomy of the horse in any good encyclopædia, or you can buy a cheap handbook on the subject from any bookseller.

W. L. (Keighley).—Send her a Christmas-card by all means.

F. A. H. (Toronto).—We shall be happy to enrol you; distance is no object.

G. E. W. (Harrogate).—You can get photos of athletes from any picture-postcard shop. Framed and hung up on the walls of your gym, they would look very well. The best of luck to your club.

J. C. S. H. (Glasgow).—We are always much obliged to those members of the League who are kind enough to send us a photograph of themselves, but we should not dream of making this a condition of membership. There are many who, like ourselves, hate being photographed.

C. H. (Ilford).—We fear it will be impossible to deal with your corps in the Kernahan stories. You see, Mr. Garratt has a trick of sticking to facts in his fiction, though we make him alter names a little.

F. H. B. (Sevenoaks)—We can't understand your short-windedness. Better see a doctor; we won't take the responsibility of giving advice in a matter of this sort.

GUNNER, R.F.A.—We know of no rule prohibiting Territorials from having the crest of their regiment on their notepaper.

J. L. (Upton-on-Severn).—If your brown boots are hopelessly stained, make them black with black leather dye, which you can get from any saddler. Don't forget to substitute black eyelets for the brown ones.

H. O. (Brixton Hill).—Join now and take your chance as to being able to get off for camp.

A. J. (Gibraltar).—Glad to hear the paper is so popular on the Rock.

C. A. M. (London, N.E.).—Get your system clean with fresh air and exercise, and your eyes will trouble you less.

V. E. C. (York).—Interested to know your dog has the same name as ours. Is he any good at rats?

"ENERGETIC" (Glasgow).—Your nom de plume is more promising than the work you propose to take up. Leave these "spare-time" advertisers alone. Use your leisure to learn more about your trade; if you must have a side line you might try insurance work.

All earth, except his native land,
To him is one wide prison.—BYRON.

There is a type of man whose sole cry is that England is going to the dogs, if, indeed, she has not already landed there.

He bewails our general rottenness in work, sport, action, thought, grit, and muscle. Some wilting weakness has seized us, he says; we can no longer stand upright and look the world in the face; we are decrepit, and from our loins come forth only the shadows of what Britons formerly were; our stamina is being undermined by our own self-indulgence and idleness, our love of luxury and slackening fibre.

The mournful wail haunts many of our pulpits, our newspapers, our platforms, even our Houses of Parliament. It has spread from the orange-box of the Hyde Park orator to the remotest corners of the kingdom, and any crack-brained gas-bag who wants a little cheap notoriety seizes on some such subject as "England's lost supremacy" and utters meaningless platitudes that he has committed to memory from some crank periodical.

When they run down England and the English, these people never stick to facts, for the facts are not half lurid enough.

The harm they do is incalculable. There was never any good purpose served by accusing one's own kith and kin of decadence.

The decent, clean-hearted English sportsman, with a strain of sound patriotism in him, never indulges in the wretched operation of washing dirty linen in public. He revolts like every normal human being against the popular practice of fouling our own national nest and giving ourselves a bad character in the eyes of other peoples and each other. It is a practice that has no sort of justification. No Englishman is fit to bear the name if he runs his country down, and the sportsman can help towards exterminating these prophets of fictitious evil.

It must ever be a large part of his mission to show that there is a strong flame of real patriotism still burning in all healthy Englishmen, and that these healthy Englishmen are in the vast majority. Though it may be true that all is not ideally correct and as it should be in our own land, that is no reason for proclaiming it to the whole world.

The sportsman will not talk about the decadence of his country. If he thinks it is decadent, he knows that it is only by example and not by precept that his fellow countrymen are likely to be stirred.

So he sees to it that his own life and that of those who come into contact with him shall be as far removed from decadence and apathy as he can make it.

The prophets of evil are men of no country. They know nothing of the cheerful spirit of the sportsman, bred up to fight and never say die; they have none of the sportsman's joy in life, his pleasure in the open air, his tingling blood and vigorous muscles; they do not think of England as the one land worth living in and fighting for. The horse, the gun, the rod, and all the accessories dear to the man of sporting instincts awake no response in their hearts.

Individually the sportsman is an outpost of his country's army, and he has his work cut out to keep even with all his enemies. He is a living advertisement of his country's vigour and a warning to all and sundry that neither he nor his may be trifled with.

Collectively the army of sportsmen is the army that is going anywhere and that will do anything. It is above all cheerful in every conceivable set of circumstances.

When it ceases to be so; when the fields and the woods cease to draw Englishmen from the arm-chair; when there is no more lust for the chase left in them; when danger and death are shirked—then let the wretched ones go out and wail. But till then, while England is England and sport is to be had, let them hold their peace.

H. L. COLTHORP.

MODERN MEN! WEAR WOOLLEN SHIRTS.

We are quite aware that the Modern Man is much averse to shopping, and leaves the selection of his underwear practically to others. We undertake to supply you with the finest quality—**ALL PURE WOOL SHIRT**—Guaranteed (as retailed by the leading outfitters of the Kingdom from 14s. 6d. and 15s. 6d. each), for **7s. 9d.** each. These are manufactured in the centre of the woollen industry, and are of the finest quality procurable. Send a postcard for patterns to our Manchester warehouse.

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Stephens Bldngs., 62, Market St., Manchester.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

LACING RIDING BOOTS.

If you use laced boots for riding, it is a safe rule to keep clear of hooks for fastening the laces and have only eyelet holes.

If you wear ordinary Derby boots with leggings, the hooks in the front will catch the bottom of the leggings and double them up. Moreover, the top of the stirrup-iron will bend the hooks into all manner of shapes, for it is bound to come into contact with them at some time.

With "field boots" also, which are leggings and boots combined, and lace up the front at the ankle and instep, hooks should be avoided. They simplify the process of putting on and taking off enormously, and for that reason ready-made field boots are usually fitted with them. But if you are wise, you will refuse to have hooks at all, but will have the boots made to lace in the ordinary way right up to the top of the opening.

Otherwise you will find that the stirrup-leather comes just across the hooks above your instep, and it will press them into your shin in such a way as to be most uncomfortable after a very short time.

With ordinary boots and leggings, the hooks may be partially protected by means of spur-strap shields, if you wear spurs, but with field boots they are useless, for the hooks come up too high.

SPUR-SHIELDS.

Talking of shields for spur-straps, I noticed in the window of a fashionable London photographer the other day a full-length photo of a young fellow in Service uniform—whether he was an officer or a trooper, I forget—in which these shields appeared upside down.

No doubt he was newly-joined and had never worn spurs on horseback in his life, but he might have learnt how to wear his uniform before getting photographed in it.

If, as is usually the case, the slits for the spur-straps are not in the centre of the shield, the larger part should, of course, be uppermost, so as to protect the front of the ankle from the rubbing of the top of the stirrup-iron.

Also, in order that the shield may sit close to the boot, the strap should be passed through so as to go over the sides of the shield and under the centre, and not over the centre so as to leave the sides to curl up.

The man whose photograph I happened to notice had put the shields on so that they would have flapped aimlessly about the instep, where they could be of no possible use.

These shields, however, though a regulation part of most Service uniforms, are really not necessary, for a swelled spur-strap that is an inch or more across the instep is quite sufficient.

WINTER FOOTWEAR

Thick boots, until they get more or less broken in to the shape of the foot, often seem much too large, and owing to the unyielding nature of the leather are liable to gall the feet.

The best remedy is to wear two pairs of socks inside them. The outer pair should be thick woollen ones and the inner of some thinner material—cashmere or merino.

I have heard it said that the ideal thing is to wear silk socks next the skin and woollen ones over them.

But as silk socks have an unpleasant habit of costing about half a guinea a pair, I admit that I have not tried the experiment.

The more usual, though not more efficacious, method of dealing with boots that are too large is to insert an "insole" or "sock," which, as I think I have observed before, should be of leather, and not of cork or felt, which are liable to rot and become useless if subjected to much damp.

Leather "socks" can be transferred from one pair of boots to another as the first is worn out, and if well made they should last indefinitely.

But they must be of solid leather, and not of some composition with a thin strip of leather stuck on to the top, for this will come into ridges when the heat of the foot has loosened it, and the result will be a sore foot, or at least much discomfort.

DRESS SHIRTS AND STUDS.

Not very long ago it was the fashion to wear an evening dress shirt with only one stud-hole in the front. Still further back three studs were fashionable—a vogue which had the advantage of precluding the wearing of flashy jewelled studs for all but the most wealthy.

This season the prevailing fashion ordains two studs for an evening dress shirt-front. Plain gold studs with chased tops are by far the best thing to wear. Anything more fancy does not look well unless it is really costly.

Similarly, plain gold links are correct for evening wear.

With regard to the shirt-front, the pleated variety has gone out of vogue for all but undress wear with a dinner jacket, though it is still worn by many, owing to its comfort, for dances.

A useful addition which it is worth while having sewn on to your dress shirt, if the maker has not supplied it, is a tab with a buttonhole at the bottom of the starched front, which is fixed to the top button of the trousers or pants, and keeps the shirt from riding up and escaping from the waistcoat at the sides.

GOLOSHES.

The articles of footwear known by the unpleasing name of "goloshes" used to be, and to some extent still are, regarded as effeminate and not suitable for any man under the age of fifty.

For country wear, certainly, they are not to be thought of, and a good stout pair of nailed boots should be enough to keep out all the mud one can encounter.

But for town wear on muddy days, and especially when going out at night, the humble rubber golosh or "overshoe" has its uses.

There is a vast sense of satisfaction in kicking off your muddy goloshes in the vestibule when you arrive at your destination, without so much as having to do up a button or tie a lace, and stepping dryshod and immaculate into the house.

Goloshes are made now to look so neat that they are almost indistinguishable from patent leather uppers.

Very often they are fitted at the back with a little excrescence like the spur-stop on a riding boot, by means of which you can kick them off easily without soiling your boots.

SPATS.

I think I have before objected on this page to the wearing of spats in summer. At any rate, they are not suitable for young men, for whom boots with tops of cloth or grey or brown leather are preferable.

But at the present time spats seem to be coming into favour again, and there is no doubt that at this season of the year they are a boon and a blessing.

To the man who prefers shoes to boots they are of the greatest use, for he can continue to wear shoes even in the muddiest and coldest of weather.

A pair of spats, whether worn over boots or shoes, will add greatly to the warmth of the feet, and make even thick-soled shoes or brogues appear sufficiently respectable for City wear.

They are also useful from the economical point of view, for they do not cost more than a few shillings themselves and last for years, while they make it possible to wear out old shoes of which the soles are still perfectly sound, though the uppers have become cracked and shabby.

Cloth spats have largely given place nowadays to those of rough brown leather, similar—except in the matter of height—to the so-called Highland gaiters worn for sporting purposes, and especially on the moors.

As a protection against the snow for town wear they are excellent, and if worn above goloshes make one absolutely weatherproof so far as the feet are concerned.

One sees spats worn by men of all ages nowadays, but I still think that they are best left alone by the man who is still what his lady friends would call a "boy." Most men contrive to remain sufficiently youthful to retain that appellation until they are somewhere between twenty-five and thirty.

FASHIONABLE OVERCOATS.

It is satisfactory to have a first grade overcoat, cut by the best London tailor. You find real pleasure in wearing it.

Made in pure wool tweeds or Scotch Cheviots.

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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

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In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

Pair new riding breeches, London make, buckskin strappings, waist 32in., calf 13in.; price 25s. Also pair new shape leather leggings; 10s.—Healey, The Villa, Pantasaph, Holywell, N. Wales.

Harris tweed suit, nearly new, cost 65s., sell 30s.; pair breeches and leggings, 15s.; knitted woollen waistcoat, 5s. (medium build). — R. S. W., 15, Chesterfield Road, Bristol.

Gentleman's evening dress suit, fit tall, slim person, chest 36in., waist 32in., leg 33in., sleeve 19in., silk lined throughout, West-End make, new condition; price 45s. Pair fawn whipcord tweed riding breeches, falls, waist 32in., fork 21in., and continuations, calf 13½in., leather strapped, thoroughly good; 15s. 6d.—Box 1437, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Sandow's grips, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; will accept 9s. 6d., or nearest offer. Also ¼-plate camera, with exposure meter, printing frame, squeezer; 8s. —Box 1427, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Whiteley Exerciser, practically new, chart, &c.; sell 5s., or offer.—Scutt, 73, Edburton Avenue, Brighton.

Wanted, pair Sandow's Grip or 4lb ordinary and pair of Clubs, cheap.—Box 1422, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Jumping Season; commissions executed by Gilbert Gunn, Turf Accountant, 13, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow. Credit Accounts opened. Write for rules.

How to develop the neck and chest; charts 6d. each, two for 9d.—Box 1430, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Sandow's grip dumb-bells; also developer, never used; also punching ball and set four boxing gloves, good condition; the lot 25s., or exchange. —Box 1432, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Crane's high-class patent concertina, 48 keys, ebony ends, steel reeds; cost 18 guineas; perfect condition, bargain, £9.—Box 1438, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5-string banjo, good tone and condition, complete, with new leather case (cost 15s. month ago) and tutor. A genuine offer. Cash wanted, £1 2s. 6d. On approval; satisfactory references.—Box 1439, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Boehm flute, Mahillon, ebonite, perfect condition, high pitch, long C sharp key, £8, open G.—Box 1440, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Rough Shooting.—Sussex farmer can offer good sport for two or three gentlemen, week-ends. 25s. each, inclusive.—Sport, Box 1441, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Hunting in Herts.—Farmer will loan horse, and offers good accommodation to gentlemen. Good stabling.—Box 1442, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Irish Wolfhound bitch, excellent pedigree, for breeding.—Terms, &c., to G. Brunswick Bartlett, 2, Fir Villa, Brighton Road, Horley.

Collie, eighteen months, black and tan, good house dog, obedient, affectionate; £2 10s. (with kennel), or nearest offer; South London.—Box 1431, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sale, extra fast clever Greyhound dog, second season, well bred, wonderful killer; 30s.—Box 1452, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Portable fowlhouses, in sections, with closed wire runs. One for 10 fowls, with outside nest-boxes, £1, cost £5; other, for 20 fowls, 12s. 6d.—Box 1443, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Hearson's 200-egg incubator, in thorough working order, £5 5s., inspection invited; Tamlin's 100-egg incubator, 25s.—Box 1444, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 16.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

Gent's cycle, second-hand, good, well worth £2 5s.; I want to exchange same for anything useful of equal value. Who offers?—Box 1425, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Centaur, 26in. wheels, splendid condition, beautiful machine; bargain, 55s.—Box 1429, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle, high grade, £12 12s. specimen, recently new, Armstrong latest 3-speed gear, Palmer tyres, Westwood plated rims, two powerful brakes, detachable mudguards, beautifully finished; exceptional opportunity, accept £5.—Box 1445, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Here's a chance.—Ebbard's "How to Acquire and Strengthen Will Power," Dr. Coate's "Self Reliance," and Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day"; excellent condition; P.O. 10s.—Box 1426, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Chaffer's 1908 large edition "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain"; state lowest price and condition.—Box 1446, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

Lantern, complete with case, &c.; cost £4; good condition; what offers?—Box 1424, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Quantity photographic accessories, including unused plates and papers, frame, tray, &c., all new; sell for small cash. On approval.——Box 1447, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, Todd-Forret magnesium flash lamp, only used few times, Cost 12s. 6d. What offers?—Box 1448, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Shutter wanted, time and instantaneous, 5 by 4. Box 1449, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Typewriter wanted, cheap; in good working order, state make.—Box 1450, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punch ball with stand and gloves, 10s.—Box 1434, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, pair Captain Henderson's Yeomanry boots, 8 foot, calf 16 inches over breeches.—Box 1435, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Kruger half-sovereign links, 2 coins, never worn. What offers?—W. G. M., 137, Fentiman Road, Clapham, S.W.

Remington typewriter, in splendid order, No. 7. Cash wanted. What offers?—Box 1451, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Territorials Only.—In conjunction with a leading insurance company, I have arranged a special accident insurance policy for Territorials. The only one of its kind. Very cheap. Particulars on receipt of postcard.—Lance-Corporal Lennox (of The Rough Riders), 40, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real lever Simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

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Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

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Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

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21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

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